CHRISTIAN REGISTER AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1839. NO. 931.—VOL. XVIII.—NO. 9.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

To the individual who understands the nature of *prayer*, and has ever, even for once, engaged in this exercise with the right feelings, there is no need of expressing its importance, or efficacy. To such however I would offer through your Journal a few suggestions prompted by my observation within a few weeks.

I cannot now examine fully the respective merits of prayers written and extempore, nor can I satisfy my own mind from which results the greatest advantages. My experience however satisfies me that if we would have the least influence on the young in making them understand the object of prayer we shall not use written or printed forms. We wish to convince children of the relation existing between us and the Creator. It appears to me that we best do this if we appear to ask for what we *are now* in want of. The child then realizes that we look to God for all, and the more petitions we can introduce for those things which children can realize that we need, so much the more influence do we exert. If an instance of passion has occurred and the parent feelingly allude to it and ask God's forgiveness, has he not done more to bring that child to feel that he is responsible to God, than if, in the daily prayers of a whole year, he makes an indefinite request to God for forgiveness?

I feel that much of the listlessness and inattention now common during prayer might be corrected, I will explain what I believe to be the cause of it.

Our familiarity with scripture phrases causes us to introduce many into our prayers, the tendency of which is, that one not feeling fully the importance of the exercise falls into this habit of inattention, because it appears to be a form rather than called for by our necessities. Again, many who lead in prayer seem to feel more as if so many subjects must be introduced than that the exercise should be comprehensive and intelligible.

Prayer should be in some manner adapted to the occasion, whether it be for ones self, for a family, or in public. It is my opinion that a parent, leading in the family exercises should adapt the subjects in some measure to the members of his family, whom it ought to be his aim to bring into real personal communion with their God. Can this be effected when the mind does not feel an interest in the words of the parent? Do not some render the exercise *but* a form by embracing that which many do not understand? I feel this to be an evil, and one that can be remedied. It is more apparent and more fully felt in the family, but not there *only* as it appears to me. I feel that were clergymen to realize more fully, in some instances, that the Saviour was very plain and concise in his address to the throne of grace, and that it is not the words but the feeling with which they are expressed, which is considered before God, there would be more sincere worshippers. Sometimes when a preacher has forgotten that a concise and well adapted prayer is best, I have noticed that he soon fails to secure the same attention which was afforded to him when he began. It is not the time for prolixity.

I know some have said that no person interested in a prayer will complain of its length, still I feel that we must aim to accomplish as much good, and to interest as many minds as possible. Experience has convinced me that they do not have most influence who speak the most words and embrace the most subjects.

For the Register and Observer.

Mr. Editor,—Happening in at a bookstore, a few days since, I saw upon the counter a Sermon entitled 'Missionary Efforts,' by Jason Whitman. I was induced to purchase it, from my knowledge of the writer, and desiring to ascertain his views upon this important subject. I have just finished reading it, and so much pleased have I been, that I cannot but request those of our friends who may wish to understand something of their duty in this great matter, to read that Sermon. It is written in the author's usual plain, simple, and direct style, and in the true spirit of the Gospel. It was this spirit that charmed me, and I would urge its perusal, from a strong conviction of the truth,—contained in the following passage at the close of the sermon,—which in the consideration of this subject is worthy of attention.

'It would be in vain to attempt to shut out from our thoughts at this time, the enquiry as to the *effect*, which our engaging in missionary efforts, will have upon our societies themselves, in regard to their strength and improvement. Upon this point, my abstract views of the philosophy of human nature, and my observation as to the actual influence exerted by similar efforts, have led me to believe that the effect must be beneficial. I believe, that when you can once induce men to labor and to make sacrifices for the advancement of any cause, their interest in that cause will increase. And my observation has taught me, that the improvement of a religious society depends not solely upon the amount, or the clearness, or the force of the religious instruction which they receive, but upon the interest which the individuals of that society may feel in the cause, and upon the efforts which they personally make for its advancement. My observation has led me also to the conclusion, that the strength of a religious society depends not merely on its numbers, not merely on its wealth, nor yet on its numbers and wealth united, but on the interest which its members may take in the cause of religion, the efforts they may put forth,—and the sacrifices they may make for its spread.' R.

PROVIDENCES.—As surely as an infinite accumulation of minute drops, provided and regulated by the present power of God, form the wonderful mass upon which I float from island to island, and continent to continent, from the land of my exile to my native and wished for shores:—so surely does an infinite accumulation of events *provided* and *regulated* by the same present power and goodness, bear onward the confiding Christian to the haven of rest eternal, and the shores of his native land!—Not therefore upon the *minute particles* of this ocean of providences, but upon its *glorious expanse*, and its more glorious Creator, let my eye be fixed; and let my heart yearn only for the green and spicy shores to which so swiftly I am borne upon its bosom.—*Monton.*

CLERICAL INTREPIDITY.

'Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them.—*Deut.* xxxi. 6.

Dr. Hackett is recorded as the last man in England who persisted to read the liturgy after it had been proscribed by the Parliament: and the following anecdote is given by his biographer, illustrative both of his attachment to the Church and his holy courage. One Sunday while he was reading the Common Prayer in his Church, a soldier of the Earl of Essex came and clapped a pistol to his breast, and commanded him to read no further.—The Doctor, not at all terrified, replied, 'I will do what becomes a divine, and you may do what becomes a soldier.' The tumult was quieted for a time, and the Doctor permitted to proceed.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

STANDARD OF MORAL RIGHT AND WRONG; APPLIED TO SLAVREY.

On this in some points, plain and universally understood, and yet, in others, deep, perplexed and extensively misunderstood, subject, I now undertake to offer a few observations. I do not purpose to examine it in all its various bearings, nor to decide any of the controverted questions belonging to it; but only to look at one of its features, and then, having peradventure set that right, to make one use, by way of improvement.

Taking it for granted (for who will deny) that there is a standard of right and wrong in morals, I inquire where it is to be found? I do not mean whether it be in the Decalogue, as some contend; or in man's moral sensibility, as others; or in the rule of utility; but of what sort of material it consists? Is it composed of rules, maxims, propositions; of what can be expressed definitely in words? Can the path of perfect rectitude be specifically, and minutely prescribed, so that a man may have nothing more to do, under any circumstance of life, than to apply a particular rule to specified circumstances? Is it a code, like that of the civil law, constituted of almost innumerable statutes, definitely expressed? Such, manifestly, is not the fact. The Bible, itself, contains no standard of this description. It contains many numerous precepts, but all of them are either general or indefinite. They all need to be examined, analyzed, determined as to their extent, and applied in practice as wisdom shall direct. And it is impossible that the case should be otherwise. The circumstances of human action are so infinitely various, that it is not possible that there should be a distinct rule for every particular kind of case. And the man (indeed there are some such good men) who always lives by a set of rules, will inevitably lead a stiff, formal and imperfect life; though his rules be the best that can be gathered from all the best depositories of wisdom in our world.

The plain matter of fact, on this subject, is, that the standard of right and wrong, is composed of principles; not of rules, but of the elements of rules; not so much of things, as of the qualities of things. Rules, actions, things, are variable; they utter their character accordingly as they are acted upon by circumstances; the same rule, sometimes good and at other times ill; the same action, sometimes right, at other times wrong; the same thing, sometimes a moral beauty, at others, a moral blemish. Principles, however, are immutable; the elements of things are unchangeable. And it is as right and wrong exist in their first principles, that the standard of them is always one, the same, and invariable. Some of the best rules in morals are the following. Obey your parents; Respect magistrates; Help the needy; Do no work on the Sabbath. Yet there may be cases in which it would not be a crime, but a manifest virtue to act contrary to these precepts. There are but very few rules, maxims, proverbs, &c. which are invariably just and safe. And these few do not reach all, nor the one half of all, the cases of practical life. The only resort is to principles. On this ground, our Savior expounded the law of Moses. On this ground, he justified his own conduct, when accused of breaking the holy Sabbath, and justified David for the sacrilege committed upon the show bread in the Sanctuary.

What these invariable principles of right and wrong are, it is not my present design to point out and determine. To promote an acquaintance with them is the proper end of all moral instruction. To learn them more perfectly and practically is the very business, wisdom and happiness of life. He is the wisest man who, on this subject, makes the justest distinctions; and he, the holiest, who carries them out the most perfectly in his own example.

And now for the 'one use of application.' It is to our good brethren of the 'abolition.' Slavery, say they, is wrong; it is a sin. And sin is always wrong; it is always sin. No condition of circumstances can change it into right. What, in itself, is wrong can never be converted into right. Duty is ours; consequences are God's. We must attend to duty only, and leave the consequences to God. 'Fiat Justitia; ruat cœlum.' We have no discretionary power; expediency is a word which has no place in the vocabulary of Christian morals.

All this may, at first view, seem to be plausible doctrine. But it, obviously, contains a gross mistake. It proceeds on the assumption that the distinctions of right and wrong consist of things, actions, practices, taken in the gross. This, however, is not the fact. The same things, actions, practices, which are generally wrong, may sometimes be right. They change their moral character through the influence of the circumstances with which they are connected. And if theft, falsehood, and sacrilege may, under peculiar circumstances, be venial acts, then, why not slavery? Abraham bought slaves and kept a host of them. Grant it was a sin; yet it was one which 'God winked at.' The law of Moses recognised slavery, and intimated nothing against it. Jesus Christ and his apostles treated the subject in the same manner. Now if slavery and sin be so far synonymous terms, that the latter is invariably a predicate of the former, how can we account for this silence and connivance on the part of God, Christ, the holy prophets and the blessed apostles? Was it a reprehensible and damning sin for Philemon to hold property in the person of Onesimus? If so, why did not Paul reprove him for it, instead of being so 'mealy mouthed' and courteous on the subject?

But slavery is a wrong done to human nature, and the spirit of Christianity, (and the spirit of Moses' law, also) forbids it. All this, I readily concede. But it does not hence follow that every slaveholder is living in the daily practice of sin; and may justly be denounced as one who sets at defiance, Heaven's known law; and should be denied the religious fellowship of Christians. God did not refuse fellowship to David, on account of his poligamy; nor the apostle Paul, to slaveholders on account of their holding property in human flesh. 'The times of their ignorance God winked at.' 'The times of reformation' were waited for. It is as impracticable to force the times, as it is to force the market. Duty is ours; and it is to do all in our power to enlighten public sentiment; to convince mankind of their errors; to exhort, instruct, and reprove, with all long suffering. We shall correct no iniquity by making a fierce, indiscriminate and reckless crusade against it. The victory, gained by the Sun over Boreas, in the Fable, was secured, not by haste and violence, but by patience and gentleness.

Hampton Falls, Feb. S. F.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

VISIT TO THE STATES PRISON IN CHARLESTOWN.

On presenting a note from one of the Inspectors, the visitor is politely received by the Wardens, and conducted through the establishment. If delayed a few minutes in the counting room, he learns that the muskets and swords he sees there are kept for service, though almost never used. There are only about twenty men on the premises as the proper guardians of the place, but, in case of necessity the alarm bell would bring in the towns people, and seventy-five or more would find arms in readiness. The paintings which you see are by a convict who left the prison some years since.—They do him great credit, rude as they are.

Two or three iron doors are bolted behind us as we pass in. Descending a long flight of stone steps, we are fairly in the prison yards and among the work shops. In the largest, eighty-seven men are employed as stone cutters. We noticed a greater proportion of blacks here, than in the other shops: though in all, there are only twenty-six, out of the three hundred prisoners. All were working busily, and with a sullen content. There was occasionally a cheerful look, but that fled on the approach of a stranger, seeming to say 'Avert your eyes, for pity's sake, I am a man no longer.'

The strictest penalties forbid the passing of a word from one to another, and it was only when questioned by the Warden, about his work, that a man opened his lips. That work was for a magnificent tomb in the city of New Orleans, and the sphinx-heads on it were the most delicate granite-carving we had seen. Teams were bringing in and carrying out, but the usual directions to the cattle were forborne. This oppressive dumbness followed us from shop to shop; an ever present temptation to break the rule which wholesome discipline imposes, and give way to expressions of sympathy. Blacksmiths, Whitesmiths, Shoemakers, Tailors, Cabinet-makers, Brush-makers, Hatters, Coopers, Tinmen,—the whole Encyclopedia of arts and trades, worked busily on.

The prison was never probably in a finer state of discipline that at present, though so little recourse is had to corporal punishment. The food is very plain, but the best of its kind. It was while speaking of this, that the question came up, whether there was no danger of rendering the convict's lot too comfortable; and, by a morbid sympathy, of defeating the end of punishment. The Warden was little fearful of such a result. At the ringing of the bell, the prisoners left their work, and fell into lines, in eight divisions; each division under a superintendant or keeper. They moved in close locked step, and with the measured tramp of bondage. As we approached, the effect of the half red, half blue dress was most striking. Each man was red until he turned an angle, when he seemed only blue. Without stopping to watch this metamorphosis, we took a station in the avenue which passes the kitchen windows, and leads to the main prison; out of these two windows continued to issue a line of small tins, containing the allowance for each prisoner; who immediately fall into the line with it, tramp, tramp, as before.

We were a little anxious to reach the dinner hall before they should all get in; but what was our surprise to see them singly entering apartments,—high enough to stand in, long enough to lie down in,—but not wide enough to extend both arms at length; these are the only dining rooms. Light enters solely through the iron-grated door. Seeing no bed within, and asking whether the inmates made them on the floor, we were pointed to a frame or shelf which holds the bedding, so arranged as to be let down at night, and to shut against the wall by day. Upon the interior of the cell, and its *filling up*, we looked with peculiar interest; since the objects here are the only ones on which the prisoner's eye can rest, during many weary hours. The whole furniture of this spot, which, for a term of years, is to be his unwilling home, is quickly enumerated;—his Sunday suit, in a bag at one end; at the other, a water can, a box to sit on, and a little shelf which is his pantry; and to which he looks at meal times for salt, pepper, vinegar, molasses, and, in their appointed places, his knife, fork and spoon. These are his *all*, unless he be fortunate enough to get a book, and to know how to read it. A library of some three or four hundred volumes has been in use at the prison for many years, supplied, as is well known, by the Philanthropic Society of the Divinity School in Cambridge; and books have come in from other friendly sources. But books in rough hands do not last long, and a supply of them by the state would doubtless hasten the work of reformation here.

It is in their cells, then, that the prisoners breakfast, dine and sleep. Three times a day they march in, as described,—and stand till they are counted, with one hand on the bars of the door. When a division is in, its keeper passes from end to end of the row of cells, and each man shuts himself in by a spring lock, accessible only from without. He is not at liberty to take his hand from the grating till the keeper goes back again recounts them, and pushes a long bar, that secures all the cells at once. The keepers immediately bring their enumerations together, and if a man be missing, the word is given, 'Forward!' 'Hands out!' and all are counted again:—if he is still missing, all are kept in their cell till he is found. At night, there is a third fastening, by means of a stout lock and key. One who sees all this apparatus for caging and breaking the spirit of the human animals, is persuaded that kind usage, good food, and a change of clothing for the Sabbath (which is a privilege but lately obtained) are little likely to entice men here or to encourage crime.

We were not a little pained at seeing the file of criminals brought up by a boy, fourteen years of age. He was condemned to be hung a year since, but had his punishment commuted to imprisonment for life. Can it be, one is forced to ask, that an act committed by a boy of thirteen, can thus doom the *man* to perpetual slavery? This seemed hard, till, on enquiry, it appeared that confinement in this moral hospital is the greatest moral blessing that society can confer on a patient like this. He has given the Warden much trouble, but is now induced to work quietly at a shoemaker's bench, with the hope of being pardoned out, by the time he is twenty one, if an entire and permanent reformation shall have taken place. He says 'he had rather fight, be it with man or boy, than do anything else;' and though far enough from being insane, seems born with a double share of selfish and wicked propensities. Such phenomena occur sometimes in the moral world and deserve to be well studied.

There is no moment of night or day when watchmen are not on the look-out, though it is very seldom that any turbulent disposition shows itself.

Great efforts are making by prison discipline reformers to abolish corporal punishment, but without entire success, thus far. *The Shower Bath*, which has been offered as a substitute, and tried at South Boston, is even more severe in its effects. The culprit is stripped, and two or three hogheads of cold water so much reduce the temperature of the brain as to benumb and stupefy all the faculties, and bring under the most refractory. No one has been found willing to suffer this punishment more than once. The advocates of the 'Pennsylvania system,' (solitary confinement from year to year,) urge it as their prime advantage that no corporal punishment is needed; but ours, well known as 'the Auburn system,' admitting social labor, social worship, &c, has also recommendations peculiar to itself.

We were kindly presented with the reports of the two last years, and would invite attention to them. The success of the Sabbath School among the convicts may not here be enlarged upon. Any one who enjoys the conversation and polite attentions of the Warden and his assistant will desire to renew his visit and perhaps become a teacher at the prison Chapel.

C. D.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.

We have copied from the last number of the Quarterly Register the following list of students, &c, at the various Theological Seminaries in the United States for the Acidamical year 1838-9.

Theological Seminary, Andover, Ms. Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D. President. Founded 1808.—Senior Class, 27; Middle class, 34; Junior class, 50. Total 111.

Princeton, N. J. Rev. Archibald Alexander D. D., Senior Professor. Founded, 1813.—Senior class 29; Midddle class 34; Junior class 29. Total, 92.

Bangor. Me. Rev. Enoch Pond, D. D., Senior Professor. Founded, 1816.—Senior class, 18; Middle class, 15; Junior class, 10. Total 43.

(Episcopal.) New York City. Rt. Rev Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D. D., Senior Professor. Founded, 1819.—Senior class 18; Middle class, 24; Junior class, 24. Total, 66.

Auburn, N. Y. Rev. James Richards, D. D., Senior Professor. Founded, 1821.—Senior class, 8; Middle class, 20; Junior class, 20. Total 48.

New Haven, Ct. Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D, Senior Professor. Founded 1822.—Senior class, 15; Middle class, 34; Junior class, 15. Total 74.

Fairfax Co., Va. Rev. Reuel Keith, D. D, Senior Professor. Founded, 1822.—Senior class, 7; Middle class, 8; Junior class, 5. Total 20.

Cambridge, Ms. Rev. Henry Ware, D. D., Senior professor. Founded, 1824.—Senior class, 8; Middle class, 6; Junior class, 5. Total 19.

Newton, Ms. Rev. Irah Chase, M. A., Senior Professor. Founded, 1825.—Senior class, 10; Middle class, 13; Junior class, 11. Total 34.

Mercersburg, Pa. Rev. Lewis Mayer, D. D., Senior Professor. Founded, 1825.—Students 9.

Gettysburg, Pa. Rev. Samuel S. Schmucker, D. D, Senior Professor. Founded, 1826—Senior class, 4; Middle class, 8; Junior class, 8, Total, 20.

Alleghany, Pa. Rev. David Elliot, D. D., Senior Professor. Founded, 1827.—Senior class, 11; Middle class, 19; Junior class, 11. Total, 41.

East Windsor, Ct. Rev. Bennet Tyler, D. D., President. Founded, 1834—Senior class, 10; Middle class, 7; Junior class, 6. Total, 23.

Gilmanton, N. H. Rev. Aaron Warner, M. A., Senior Professor. Founded, 1835.—Senior class, 10; Middle class, 6; Junior class, 10. Total, 26.

New Hampton, N. H. Rev. Eli B. Smith, M. A., Senior Professor. Founded, 1836.—Senior class, 8; Middle class, 9; Junior class, 8. Total, 25.

(Presbyterian) New York City. Rev. Thomas M'Auley, D. D., LL. D., President. Founded, 1836.—Senior class, 23; Middle class, 22; Junior class, 32. Total, 77.

Hudson, O.—Rev. George E. Pierce, D. D., Senior Professor. Students, 15.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Some interesting facts were elicited during the examination of a witness, on Thursday last, before the Committee of the Legislature on the subject of the license law. Dr. Pierson, of Salem, who was called by the Remonstrants against the repeal of the license law, made a very lucid exposition of the deleterious effects of the use of ardent spirits upon the human system. On his cross-examination by the counsel for the Memorialists, he was asked if Dr. Holyoke, of Salem, did not live to an advanced age, and what his habits were in regard to the use of spirits. Dr. P. replied that he used them in the following manner, viz.: he took a table spoonful of Jamaica rum, and the same quantity of cider, mixed them is a tumbler of water, drank a little before dinner, a little at dinner, and the remainder was put on the mantel-piece to be drunk as he felt occasion for it.

The case of Dr. Holyoke is often adverted to by the advocates for the moderate use of ardent spirits, as furnishing a good argument. It is well the public are now informed, from the best authority of the full extent of his habit in this respect; and it would be a happy circumstance, if those who are so desirous of following his example, would strictly adhere to his quantum; but a still happier one, if they would renounce the use of it entirely.

Dr. Pierson also stated another interesting circumstance, which was, that Dr. H. did not die of old age. His body was thoroughly examined after his decease, the cause of his death was a cancerous affection in the stomach. The other important parts of his body were in so sound a state that he might, from appearances, have lived another hundred years.—*C. Watchman.*

DAUGHTER OF AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN.—A distinguished American lady, while at Rome, (says the Florida Times,) was asked by a cardinal, if he could have the pleasure of presenting her to the *Pope*. On being interrogated if she would be permitted to converse with his holiness—the cardinal replied, that she could not—that was an honor confined to the Princesses of the blood, and the daughters of sovereigns. 'But, sir, (replied the lady,) *I am a princess of the blood, the daughter of a sovereign; for in America, the people are all sovereigns, and I am a daughter of one of the people.*'

His holiness was so much pleased with the Spartan boldness of the reply, that an interview was granted—and the *American Princess* admitted to an honor which no lady of a private station had ever before aspired.

SETTLEMENT OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY DR. MINER.

to a reflecting mind, the period between being admitted as a candidate for a learned profession and becoming permanently settled in it, is the most anxious time of life. In an old settled country, all places appear to be already filled, and there seems to be no room for additional services. But this kind of discouragement, which at first view makes the prospect appear gloomy, is one of the very things, which in the end generally operates to the advantage of the young man. However perfect his theory may be, he is still deficient in that experience which is necessary to fit him for full practice. It is really a favor that his business and patronage, at first, are small. He has leisure to investigate the few cases that he has—can revise his studies to the best advantage when he has instances before him to illustrate them, and gradually acquire an experiance which will enable him hereafter to stand on firm ground. In general, it is better for the young physician to begin with one patient, at a time, than to have ten placed under his care at once. The reputation, with the business, which is slowly acquired, is sustained with comparitive ease. It will be found, at least so far as my observation extends, that the majority of those young men, who have suddenly become popular, either from some happy incident, or from the ill judged puffing and extensive patronage of a set of mistaken friends, are rarely able to sustain their premature reputation. If they are anxious to continue to merit it, they are apt to break down early under their severe course of industry and application. On the other hand, too much success is liable to turn their heads, to make them relax in their efforts, and finally, to sink them to the level, if not below it, of those who at first were far behind them. It is a process of nature, for a child first to creep, to develop the strength of his limbs so as to fit him more readily to walk. I well recollect a young clergyman who for several months did not deliver a single discourse, which was not so finished as to be fit for the press. He was the best preacher whom I ever knew of his age. It required no prophetic vision to predict that something must soon give way. His health failed him, and I think, he was obliged to leave his charge, before he had been settled a year. A more lamentable instance is in my mind, of a young physician, who suddenly went into very full practice, with extensive popularity. He did not sustain himself longer than three or four years, and prematurely died. Several specimens of the kind might be given among the gentlemen of the bar. The usual slow and steady course, which Providence points out for the advancement of young men to stations of usefulness to mankind, with honor and profit to themselves, is generally the best, both for themselves and their employers. Farther, a young man, who has happened suddenly to arrive at eminence, has a very difficult and laborious task. We measure men by themselves, as well as by others, and expect them to grow in reputation, as they advance in age. However eminent, therefore, a physician may be at the age of twenty five, we expect him to gain like other men till he is forty or forty five. With this view, a very sensible middle aged practitioner, once confessed to a friend, that he had more business than he could do justice to, and more reputation than he could sustain. I am happy to say, however, that he succeeded, notwithstanding his apprehensions. The circumstance that all places seem to be full, without any vacancies worth occupying, is more of a discouragement in appearance, than reality. There are situations enough in which something may be done; and it is difficult to find a man thirty years of age, who is well fitted for his profession, by his talents and acquirements, and at the same time is possessed of common sense, common prudence, and common industry, who has not a comfortable, permanent settlement. If it is his misfortune to be decidedly and permanently unpopular, it is commonly owing to some defect in him, and not to any fault in the world. So general is this rule, that in the observation of forty years, I do not recollect a single instance to the contrary.

'Beware of the critical hearing of sermons preached by good men. It is an awful thing to be occupied in balancing the merits of a preacher, instead of the demerits of yourself.—*Rev Legh Richmond.*

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The late eminent judge Sir Allan Park, once said at a public meeting in the city—'We live in the midst of blessings, till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilisation, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share of all is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilisation? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object round us which does not wear a mark, not a being or a thing which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian hope is on it, not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity, not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy and healthful parts to the Gospel.'—*London Paper.*

GRANDEUR OF ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

It was a pleasant evening in the month of May, and my sweet child, my Rosalie and I, had sauntered up to the castle's top, to enjoy the breeze that played around it, and to admire the unclouded firmament, that glowed and sparkled with unusual lustre from pole to pole. The atmosphere was in its purest and finest state of vision; the milky way was distinctly developed throughout the whole extent, every planet and every star above the horizon, however near and brilliant, or distant and faint, lent its lambent light or twinkling ray to give variety and beauty to the hemisphere; while the round, bright moon, so distinctly defined were the lines of her figure, and so clearly visible (even the rotundity of her form,) seemed to hang off from the azure vault, suspended in midway air; or stooping forward from the firmament, her fair and radiant face, as if to court and return our gaze.

We amused ourselves for some time, in observing through a telescope, the planet Jupiter, sailing in silent majesty, with his squadron of satelites along the vast ocean of space between us and the fixed stars: and admired the felicity of that design, by which the distant bodies had been parcelled out, and arranged into constellations, so as to have served not only for beacons to the ancient navigator, but as it were, landmarks to astronomers of this day; enabling them, though in different countries, to indicate to each other with ease, the place and motions of these planets, comets, and magnificent meteors, which inhabit, revolve, and play in the intermediate space.

We recalled and dwelt with delight, on the rise and progress of the science of astronomy; on that series of astonishing discoveries through successive ages, which display in so strong a light, the force and reach of the human mind; and on those bold conjectures, and sublime reveries which seem to tower even to the confines of divinity, and denote the high destiny to which mortals tend; that thought, for instance, which is said to have been first started by Pythagoras, and which modern astronomers approve, that the stars which we called fixed, although they appear to us, to be nothing more than large spangles of various sizes glittering on the same concave surface, are nevertheless, bodies as large as our sun, shining, like him, with original, and not reflected light, placed at incalculable distances asunder, and each star the solar centre of a system of planets, which revolve around it, as the planets belonging to our system do around the sun; that this is not only the case with all the stars which our eyes discern in the firmament, or which the telescope

has brought within the sphere of our vision, but according to the modern improvements of thi thought, that there are probably other star whose light has not yet reached us, althoug light moves with a velocity, a million time greater than that of a cannon ball; that thos luminous appearances, which we observe in th firmament, like flashes of thin, white clouds, ar windows, as it were, which open to other firmaments, far, far beyond the ken of human eyes, or the power of optical instruments, lighted up, like ours, with hosts of stars or suns; that this scene goes on through infinite space, which is filled with thousands upon thousands of those suns, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths prescribed to them; and these worlds peopled with myriads of intelligent beings.

One would think that this conception, thus extended, would be bold enough to satisfy the whole enterprise of the human imagination. But what an accession of glory and magnificence does Dr Herschel superadd, when, instead of supposing all these suns fixed, and the motion confined to their respective planets, he loosens those multitudinous suns themselves from their stations, sets them all into motion with their splendid retinue of planets and satellites, and imagines them, thus attended to perform a stupendous revolution, system above system, around some grander, unknown centre, somewhere in the boundless abyss of space!—and when, carrying on the process, you suppose even that centre itself not stationary, but also counterpoised by other masses in the immensity of space, with which, attended by their accumulated train of

'Planets, Suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,'

it maintains harmonious concert, surrounding in its vast career, some other centre still more remote and stupendous, which in its turn ——

'You overwhelm me,' cried Rosalie, as I was laboring to pursue the concatenation; 'my mind is bewildered, and lost in the effort to follow you, and finds no point on which to rest its weary wings.' Yet there *is* a point, my dear Rosalie—the throne of the Most High. Imagine *that* the ultimate centre, to which this vast, and inconceivably magnificent apparatus is attached, and around which it is continually revolving. Oh! what a spectacle for the cherubim and seraphim, and the spirits of the just made perfect, who dwell on the right hand of that throne, if, as may be, and probably is the case, their eyes are permitted to pierce the whole, and take in, at one glance, all its order, beauty, sublimity, and glory, and their ears to distinguish that celestial harmony, unheard by us, in which those vast globes, as they roll in their orbits, continually hymn their Creator's praise.

LETTER OF A CHRISTIAN PARENT ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY CHILD.

The following letter was written by John Albert Bengel, a German divine of the Lutheran Church, who died 1752.

It is copied from the Biography of him which has recently been published in Germany and translated into English.

The letter commences with strong expressions of Bengel's unwillingness, at first, to part with his child, and of the keen distress which he felt at witnessing his sufferings. The writer then alludes to the prayers, and meditations upon the divine goodness and the happiness of the future state, by means of which he so far succeeded in assuaging his grief and bringing his spirit to calm submission, that he is able to use such language as thefollowing.

'Hence our little sufferer's pitiable convulsions and laborings for breath no longer aggravated my distress. My spirit became so cheered and strengthened, that notwithstanding this additional affliction at the prospect of another bereavment, I felt in the inward man more comfort and enjoyment than I had ever realized in the best pleasures of my life. And as I reclined my head upon my dying child's little couch, I thought I could gladly die with it that moment. After its precious soul was departed, I went into the room where it was laid out, and reclined again by the side of it to repose awhile, and again thought how desirable such an exchange must be. David, at his wretched Absalom's death, was urged by his feelings to exclaim, 'O that I might have died for thee!' But there was no need for me to use such a lamentation as this for a child that had never lived to enter into the seductions of a wicked world. In my own case it was a satisfaction that I could utter the sweet plaint of a Christian parent's love, 'O that I might have died *with* thee!'

The bills of mortality show that more than half the human race die in infancy and childhood. As God then gave us *five* children and has now taken away *three*, we are not to think ourselves more hardly dealt with than others: especially as these dear little ones have doubtless entered upon a good exchange. There is much in the consideration, that so many immortall beings are just shown to *this* world, and so quickly removed into *another*. They are as those plants, which are gathered and housed the moment they are in season; while others, who arrive at maturer age, are as the fewer plants, which being left for seed, remain longer out in wind and weather. What pains one's natural feelings most is, that we so much miss the delight we have enjoyed in the lovely innocent ways of a thriving child. But even this is made up for by the sure and certain prospect of what is far better. We do not regret the fall of the sweet and delightful blossoms of our plants and trees, though they soon drop off in such multitudes, because the fruit which succeeds is attended with more substantial enjoyment. Had we had no such child born to us a year ago, it is true we should not have been in our present sorrows; but having attended it this day to its grave, we are temporally in the same situation as if we had never possessed it. And yet we can count it gain to be able to reckon one more child of our own in heaven. It therefore was neither 'made for nought,' nor brought into the world in vain, nor has the care we expended on it been thrown away. And now that such care has ceased, and our responsibility with it, we have the more leisure to attend to the one thing needful, and to direct to this great object, in a more undivided manner, the attention of our two surviving children.

No sooner was its last struggle over, than the little corpse, with ashes put into its hand, was adorned again with clean linen, flowers, citrons, wreaths, &c., which, indeed, could only die and decay with it; and which afforded but a poor momentary agreeableness to the eye; but how beautiful must that adorning be, with which our heavenly Father clothes the soul in his own presence, in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of his holy angels!

Our chief hindrance to entire resignation is, that we are so much addicted to things present and visible, while eternal realities are as yet so foreign to us, and so little known. But could we take one glance at the condition of a spirit thus departed, we should never regret and lament, as we are apt to do, the decease of relatives and friends; but our grief would rather be on account of the dimsightedness of weeping survivors.

Surely, when the door of paradise is opened to let in any of our departed friends, delicious breezes blow through it upon us from that abode of blessedness. And we ought to avail ourselves of such refreshing influence, we ought to let it quicken us in the following after those who have gone before us, rather than wish those friends back again to a world like this. Who could ever think of congratulating any that have been enjoying heavenly rest and security for ten, a hundred, or a thousand years together, upon their having to return back again to the perils and dangers of the present life? Why, then, should we regard it as an affliction that any one of our number has escaped from such perils, and is only entered into perfect peace and security? If a vacancy has been made in the family circle, let it also be remembered that another vacancy has been filled up in heaven. The nearer we in this world are approaching to the end of all things, the more welcome should be the thought of dying; because every departed Christian finds that the multitude of the blessed is increasingly outnumbering the militant remnant; and because the whole family of God are thus successively gathering in, that we may all be together forever with the Lord.

At the funeral I accepted the condolence and consolations of kind friends, as heartily as if I had possessed no stock of these for myself; and thus God by their mouth sent me many a good word in season, particularly about the communion we still share in the *total* number of our dear children, who are distributed at present between heaven and earth: likewise about the mutual recognition of friends, whom we shall meet in a better world, &c. As we walked from the house behind the corpse, I looked up to the serene heaven, and my mind itself became as serene as if no such funeral were going on.—In the churchyard, after the coffin lid was removed, and the bunches of flowers, which had been fastened to the white pall, were added to the rest inside, I beheld once more the face of our blessed child. The sun was shining with overpowering brightness in the cloudless sky, and I could not forbear saying to the bystanders, as I pointed first to the corpse and then to the sun, 'so will that dear child look, which is now no longer like itself!' Animated as I felt with such a hope, I could easily have taken the shovel out of the sexton's hands and myself have done the office of closing up the little chamber of rest; although when my first-born, our dear little Albert Frederic, was buried, the sight of the ceremony at that time made such a sad disturbance in my heart. But on the present occasion, I went from the grave into the church with so much cheerfulness of spirit, that I even wished the remainder of the funeral service could have been reserved for the time of my own departure.

We are now, once more, outside the burial gate, under our own roof, and returned to the necessary occupations of this vain and shadowy life. But we feel more sensible than ever, that things are rapidly preparing us for the time when these mortal bodies must be borne back through that gate. 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 2, 1839.

THE LATE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

The following letter from our absent friend and Brother, Mr. George E. Ellis, who is favorably known to many of our readers as a young preacher of unusual promise, gives a particular account of the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius, of which he had the rare fortune to be an eye witness. Our readers will not regret that we have given it the preference to several articles from our own pen that were prepared for the inside of this week's Register.

Naples, January 12, 1839.

Brother R——

The remembrance of many pleasant hours spent in your company and of many kindnesses received from you has put it in my heart to write you a letter. An image of your paper rising up to my mind, (and I would now give much to see a copy of it) reminds me that I may send you not only a remembrance of myself, but also something which may be worked up into printing matter. I have seen and been much interested by the usual sights which attract a stranger travelling in Europe, but that which I consider the greatest of all, has been an eruption of Vesuvius. I might have lived here for a long life gazing on the mountain, and not have been favored with a view of its awful strife. It was while travelling the road from Rome to Naples with four pleasant companions, and just as we arrived at the Cenotaph of Cicero, near Molo di Gaeta, on the evening of January 2d, and 60 miles from Vesuvius, that we first saw its flames. The spot where we stood needed no other than its own attractions to rivet our attention. We had passed during the day, the ancient Forum Appii, mentioned by St. Paul, besides many scenes of classic interest,—the Formian hills, whose wine Horace extolled, and in a range bordering on which Cicero and Marius were born and passed their youth, the headland of Circæum which Homer has sung, and Caieta which Virgil has consecrated to the pious affection of Æneas for his dying nurse. But our attention was for a time absorbed in a beautiful ruin standing near the road and embosomed in green, upon the spot, where the Centurion and the Tribune intercepted the litter which was bearing off the orator from his mountain villa to the sea side, to seek his safety in flight. His slaves interred here his headless trunk, and it seems probable that his son when the flame of civil strife had subsided, erected this stately monument to his honored parent. All the features of the spot agree with Plutarch's description of the scene which here occurred. The only sight which could have drawn our eyes from this, now presented itself in the South. Vesuvius, which our highest expectations had looked to behold only in the emission of smoke, testifiying to its deep working fires, was blazing forth with most terrific power. Though so far from it we felt as if we could scarcely gaze upon it with impunity. The vast volume of flame rushed high from its crater, and a wide belt of light ran midway to its base. This latter I at first supposed to be a crack in the summit which exposed the fearful operation within the mountain, but when the same bright glare appeared in spots all around its surface, it was evident that the mountain was vomiting forth its mysterious contents. The whole Southern horizon was illumined, and the tranquil waters of the Mediterranean reflected it. We could get no explanation of what was occurring from any passenger on the road, and contenting ourselves with watching the scene for hours, we waited patiently for the coming day which was to take us to Naples. Through the whole of next day as we proceeded, Vesuvius was before us vomiting forth its black contents deep from the bowels of the earth.—Its smoke towered up as solid and more high than any range of mountains, and seemed as if composed of masses of white and black ostrich plumes, vibrating and rolling themselves together. When the sun tinged the circling edge of this column and illumined the heavens behind it, there were sights of gorgeousness and magnificence, whose imagery only Milton could have exhausted. On reaching Naples we found Vesuvius the all absorbing interest. Strangers were congratulating themselves that the eruption had taken place while they were in the city, and expresses had been sent to Rome to inform those not so fortunate. There had been slight tremblings of the earth in this neighborhood during the latter part of December. Vesuvius had been in a state of unusual activity, the smoke coming from it, dark, thick and in unusual quantities, after a season of as unusual quietness, which is always suspicious. Etna too had stopped its emissions just before Christmas, so that the event which now occurred had not been wholly unexpected. On the first morning of the new year, between seven and eight o'clock, it began to disgorge more solid contents, till on Wednesday and especially on Wednesday night it grew terrific, throwing out lava and red hot stones in all directions, and one great river of lava towards the north, which ran down the mountain for miles, crossing the path of ascent from Naples. This was what we had seen from Molo di Gaeta. Those who were nearer to it describe it as awfully sublime, overwhelming them with fear even to look upon it. Many people ascended that night as far as the intercepted path would permit. On Thursday and Thursday night it continued much the same, as we saw on our arrival at Naples; large multitudes of people being gathered on the quays to look upon it. Through Friday likewise the emission of stones and lava still continued, until six o'clock in the evening, when after some deep internal thundering the flames ceased, though the smoke still rushed forth in dense masses. Reflected in the beautiful Bay it was a sight of appalling majesty. We determined to ascend as far as was practicable this night, and leaving Naples in a carriage at half past six, we rode to the little village of Resina, situated eight miles from the city, at the base of the mountain. The moon not having arisen the night was dark, so that the whole expedition appeared unusual and wild. However, we were not alone. The gleaming of torches around the base of the mountain, betrayed the presence of many curious visiters. At Resina we took mules and guides with large torches, and rode about two miles, dismounting where the lava had crossed the path. It was still blazing in enormous masses around us. The detached pieces looked like the refuse coke and ashes of an iron furnace, hard, dry, brittle and porous; the air was strongly and almost stiflingly impregnated with a sulphureous stench. We walked a short distance beyond where we had left our mules, the intense heat piercing through us kept us in a perspiration, the darkness added to the horrors of the scene impressed us, and the sulphureous air exhilarated our spirits. The lava seemed to lie in ridges, the upper surface having burnt out and become partially cooled, while we could look through the seams upon the layers beneath, and see the glare of a raging fire. All the danger of our situation consisted in the liability of the smaller and extinguished fragments to change their places as we stepped upon them, and by rolling away, expose us to a warmer surface. Our canes blazed and our shoes were scorched before our curiosity was satisfied. The mountain all the while poured forth such volumes of smoke as to threaten each instant a further discharge of fire. As we were descending, the moon rose gloriously behind the fierce working crater, and though far off in strange regions, it seemed by its calmness to win the heart in contrast to so dire a scene on our own earth.

On Monday, the 7th, we again ascended the still smoking mountain, intending if possible to look into the crater. As we rode to Resina along the bending shore of the most beautiful Bay in the world, we had a view of a perfect scene of enchantment shining over regions which we knew concealed the workings of awful elements, and which are themselves but the wrecks of former ruins. Yet how readily will man dare the face of danger for gain. The very soil which is here so richly cultivated has been thrown from the burning depths of the earth, the walls which divide field from field are made from the dry and brittle mineral substances, which once poured down in liquid fire from the mountain, and wherever in these regions a spring of water which certainly should be innocent, issues from any great depth, its sulphureous smell and taste and heat, sadly betrays its origin. And yet the sunny coast and the islands shining off in the bay invite all passers by to make their home in these regions. When on the base of the mountain you look round upon the Campo Felice, its beautiful dales and swells, its scattered herbage and green fields, its white cascines, farm houses and villas, make up a delightful landscape, all dwindled and harmonised as they are from the height. And then the curving shore, sloping gently to the sea, and the white waves meeting it with their foam and line of beauty, the promontory of Misenum stretching out into where the sea is deep, the classic remains on its rough eminences, all constituting the scenes where Virgil was inspired and where are still to be seen, his Avernus, his Stygian Lake and Elysian fields and the Sybil's grotto—sights like these may well detain long the eye of the traveller from the view of Nature's fiercest strife. There too is the Island of Capri with its blue grotto, the wild promontory on which stands the tomb of Virgil, the round rocky isle of Nisida, where Lucullus and M. Brutus had villas, where Cicero took counsel with Brutus on the emergencies of Rome after the assassination of Cæsar, and where Portia after Brutus' death swallowed burning charcoal, refusing to survive her husband. Farther on is Puteoli, once the port and arsenal of ancient Canæ, the great Emporium for the trade of Magna Grecia with Africa and the East. It was here that St. Paul landed and remained seven days, previous to his journey to Rome. Last of all is Baiæ, a great naval station and depot of the Roman fleet, crowned with the ruins of palaces and temples, and associated with the names of orators, poets, historians and patriots, though afterwards defiled by excess of luxury. Such are some of the scenes in the neighborhood of Vesuvius. The mountain is computed to be about 3700 feet in height, it must be porous and hollow, and in all probability will fall in at no distant day. Its base is about thirty miles in circumference, mostly covered except in the scorched pathways of the lava with villages and vineyards. The whole mountain is distinctly divided into three regions, first, the swelling base which is inhabited and cultivated; second, the furrowed lines of devastation, forming channels and heaps down the mountain and a circle above its base, composed of rough fragments of lava, like the refuse of a forge, resembling black mud frozen, and varying in depth from twenty to forty feet; and third, the cone or chimney composed of a loose surface of sand, ashes and small stones, rising from 1000 to 1500 feet. It is the only unextinguished volcano on the European continent. The present cone was formed by the eruption of A. D. 79, which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. The summit which is now called the Somma, was up to that period called Vesuvius or Vesevus, and the present crater which then sprouted from it, has usurped the parent name. This was the first eruption of which we have any account, and the old crater now lies black and desolate, scarred and tortured by its last dread strife, and exhibiting the holes and seams by which its terrific engines poured forth their missiles. Of that eruption which destroyed so many villages on the Campania, the Elder Pliny was the victim, and the Younger, the historian. They were both at Misenum, the uncle having command of the Roman fleet there stationed, when a dense cloud of smoke was seen issuing from the mountain. Allured by his love for natural science, Pliny ordered his pinnace and crossed the Bay to Herculaneum and Stabiæ. He asked his nephew to accompany him, who, being either deficient in curiosity, or deterred by fear, replied that he chose rather to remain among his books. To his fortunate determination we owe it that we can now read his description of the scene in two letters addressed to Tacitus. The Elder Pliny approached the scene of danger too rashly, and was bewildered and impeded by the clouds of flying ashes and suffocated by the sulphereous air. He probably was not struck by any more heavy matter, still less was he covered by it, for his body was found by his nephew on the third day after, on the surface of the ground, and buried. A dense cloud of vapor and ashes must have been driven towards him by a sudden gust of wind. This is perhaps the most dangerous and destructive attendant on an eruption. When the startled inhabitants forsake their devoted villages and homes, their flight is rendered almost impossible, by the heavily charged air, and the deep ashes through which they must make their way; the difficulty much resembles that of facing a severe snow storm. The sharp, fiery particles scorch the eyes and block up all the ways. The surface of the country is covered for miles. In visiting the villages from five to ten miles from the mountain, we have found the roads in some places three feet deep with ashes, and vineyards and crops through large fields, completely covered. It is this which makes an eruption so dreaded and so destructive. It is probable that Silius Italicus and many other distinguished Romans, were with Pliny spectators of the eruption. Since that time there have been at longer or shorter intervals various eruptions, many probably of which the dark ages intervening, have left us no record. Superstition has heightened the horrors of the reality. The curling waves of smoke as they rose from the cauldron and played around its mouth have been shaped into demons and furies, and chronicled as such. Satan and his crew have been supposed to come out from beneath while their work went on upon the surface of the earth, and truly, since the imagination of the heathen had created a hell, there is no better spot than this neighborhood of hidden fires and boiling springs, and of sulphureous lakes and mountains, where they could have fixed its locality. There was a terrific eruption in 1631 which destroyed the village of Torre del Greco, five miles from the crater, and another in 1794 which again destroyed the rebuilt town, and 5000 acres of cultivated ground. There was a slight eruption in 1818, another in 1822, after which the top of the mountain fell in; and another very extensive one in 1834. About thirty five eruptions are recorded, in which it is computed that 15,000 persons have perished. We saw the lines of ruin which these various devastations have caused, blackening the once green slopes, and dooming them to perpetual barrenness. When we reached the spot where we had been stopped by the lava on our midnight excursion, we had a broad day light view of a scene which then, veiled in darkness, possessed a mysterious dread. A river of lava extending from the crater of the mountain four miles down its base and the plain, about a third of a mile wide and from twenty to forty feet deep, presented a hideous spectacle of ruin. It was flaming or smoking through its whole extent, and the air vibrated and trembled over it as over the blazing havoc of a burnt city. A rough path had been made across it, and this we were obliged to traverse through as hot as we could well endure. There is a long and high ridge of land, stretching from about midway above the base of the mountain to the north, probably formed by some unrecorded eruptions; it has served to break the various streams of lava which have subsequently poured down each side of it. Upon this stands a small stone building used as a hermitage, and a Via Crusis, or representation of the fourteen stages of the Savior's passion in bearing the cross, extends towards the cone. The path to the hermitage was of course cut off during the eruption, and the old monks terribly frightened. We traversed it now, thinking we might well go over half the earth, without meeting with such a desolation. Riding on for a mile or more beyond the hermitage, we came to a hollow formed between the summits of Somma and Vesuvius, called the 'Atrio di Cavallo.' Here we left our horses and prepared for a scramble up the cone. We were surrounded by mineral fragments of every color and dye, ejected from the mountain, the yellow sulphureous stone appearing in large masses. I noticed some rocks as large as two of our horses, which had shivered into fragments by the exposure of their heated masses and their fall. Now came the really difficult part of the ascent, by no means without danger, when the mountain was throwing out its small artillery of hot stones. The angle of elevation by which we ascend the cone will but just admit its surface to lie, without rolling down, and with the slightest aid from the hand or foot, a mass of matter is set on the descent. We at first undertook to mount by that section of the cone, which is composed of ashes, sand and pebbles, but we lost half our progress at each step,—no bad illustration of the way in which many people undertake to mount to certain other eminences in life, with double the fatigue and half the success of the right way. By the side of this unstable matter, was the more suspicious line of the lava stream, composed of fragments of the hard, rough, smelted mineral. By this we ascended on all fours, our hands being pricked and cut by the sharp stones. We tugged the harder, in order, if possible to get rid of many supernumerary and ragged attendants, who teased us by offering to draw us up by ropes. An hour brought us to the summit, but not to the crater. The summit consists of three concentric rings or ridges, formed by the matter thrown at unequal distances from the crater. We remained for a while on the outer circle, satisfied with the awful spectacle which we beheld. Beneath us at intervals there was a rumbling, hollow sound, as of smothered artillery. The top of the crater was covered with one immense mountain of dense smoke, rising in a solid mass, from 3000 to 4000 feet and constantly changing its color, though its predominant appearance was that of a beautiful purple fleece, evolving and exhibiting fresh dyes. At intervals of two or three minutes, the quiet motion of this column would be disturbed by a shower of rocks and stones sent up from the crater, often far above the smoke. When these were of a cubic foot in size, and (often they were much larger) their livid heat, exposed to the sudden cold, burst them with a sharp thunder peal, and a streak of brightest lightning coursed through the smoke. This constituted one of the most imposing features in the great spectacle. The smoke seemed to rise from the whole basin of the crater, which is three miles in circumference, and 500 feet deep. The bottom is perforated with several large holes like chimney flues, blackened and scorched by flames.

When the volcano is quiescent, a light haze or smoke, or steam, of a sulphureous smell, issues out. Some of these holes run down perpendicularly from the centre, others slope in from the sides. The direction which the ejected matter shall take when thrown into the air, depends upon the spot from which it issues and in some measure upon the course of the wind. As we stood upon the outer circle, the centre cavities seemed to serve as outlets and every thing that came out, after its high soaring, its flash and report, fell harmless into the crater. The large black stones thus rising high in heaven, contrary to nature's most constant law, were an emblem of awful energy. Our position was a dangerous one, safety depending upon the emissions being confined to the perpendicular cavities, and to those which sloped outwards opposite to us. Impelled by curiosity and excited by the sight, we longed to descend the first hollow and mount the second ridge. Our guide told us we might do so, if we would keep a constant watch on the crater. In case stones should issue forth, pointed towards us, we were not to run but standing stationary, watch and evade them. If we were surrounded with smoke, we must stoop forwards and use our legs with as much expedition as possible. Determining to ensure all the safety which hasty motions might afford, we ran to the second ridge, knowing that for a curiosity which the sight of unimagined terrors had not filled, we were braving a fearful danger. For a few moments I beheld a spectacle of demoniacal horror, which ages of future life, among scenes of quietness and beauty, can never efface from my mind. I looked into the bottom of the crater and saw the livid, lurid flames, agonised and sweltering in their own terrific strife. It seemed as if the Creator had left this isolated spot where the antipathies of matter might rage out their discord, that man might realise from what a confusion of elements the harmony and beauty of the earth were formed. Eyes unaccustomed to scenes of horror could not look long on such a spectacle. We stood with a hesitating and scarce stationary occupation of one spot, with every limb and muscle ready for instant motion, looking into that direful cauldron. The enchanting power ascribed to noxious reptiles and sights of terror detained us, though a creeping horror passed over us. We saw masses of rock issue forth and rise with immeasurable velocity high into the heavens, and splitting with a flash and a loud report, fall back into the crater. The strife of a battle field and the thick flight of cannon shot was before us. In that moment one vivid idea of those abstractions, which our minds realise but which words cannot delineate, was presented to my consciousness. I could then have distinguished well between harmony and discord, and realise how man can feel a sweet security in life, even amid its thousand uncertainties, when contrasted with the near presence of an imminent and appalling scene of danger like this. Any one of its terrors, such as the gaping of the hollow earth, the sinking of a portion of its surface, the blow of a heated stone, or a suffocating volume of smoke might in one instant have severed us from every human tie. Almost simultaneously with our view into the angry bosom of the crater, a volley of smoke and stones issued from the cavities whose mouths pointed towards us, and disregardful of the warning of the guide, knowing that as the stones would fall so thick we should inevitably be struck where we stood, we took to flight with all speed, and heard the missiles falling heavily on the sand around us. We all arrived in safety on the outer ridge, and stopped to survey the scene once more. Nor were incidents wanting which caused some little amusement even on this spot. Our party determining to dispose of the contents of a basket which our guides had brought up for us, sat down in full view of the dread scene; while some eggs were roasting in the ashes of the lava, one of our company seated himself on a large stone, and the instant he touched it, he rose suddenly exclaiming it was 'thundering hot,' as his scorched clothing testified. From this honest expression of his feelings, you may know of what country he is a citizen. We had hardly commenced our operations before another stone as large as our basket dropped within a few inches of it, and concluding that, though it might be a matter of dispute which party was the intruder, it was not altogether a safe place to debate it where we were, we were fairly driven from the field. The excursion occupied the whole day. Since then the mountain amid intervals of perfect quietness has thrown out large quantities of ashes and smoke. The eruption has done great damage to fields and vineyards, though as far as yet appears, there has been no loss of human life. The houses in the neighborhood are built with thick walls, and heavy stone arched roofs. When danger is apprehended the inhabitants come first to the cathedral of Naples, in a barefooted procession, to seek the intercession of their patron, Saint Januarius, and when danger is at hand, they save themselves by the sea.

With friendship and esteem, G. E. E.

LIBRARY OF AMERICAN POETS.

Samuel Colman of New York, an enterprising and well known Publisher, has commenced the publication of a series of volumes with the above title.

The undertakig is a worthy one, and ought to meet with universal favor.

The first volume contains the Poems of Rufus Dawes. It is splendidly bound and beautifully printed.

We have received the Report of the Secretary of the Board of Education—also that of the Superintendent of the Worcester Asylum for the Insane; both of which furnish interesting matter and subjects of remark for a future paper.

N. B. Several books are on our table which shall be noticed in our next.

For the Register and Observer.

LETTERS ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS. NO. 5.

[To a Teacher in the Country.]

REV. MR GANNETT'S LECTURE.

Boston, February 28th, 1839.

Dear friend,—The lecture of Sunday evening last, gave us both an opportunity to hear the Rev. Mr Gannett for the first time since the recovery of his health and return from Europe. How delightful it was to see this early and ardent friend of Sunday schools once more able (though laboring under a severe cold) to engage in their service! How many and improving reminiscences were awakened by the tones of his voice! Long may his life be spared to aid this, and every other good cause in which he is so earnestly and judiciously engaged.

His text on this occasion was taken from the Gospel of St Luke—'And the Disciples said unto him, Lord increase our Faith.'

In commencing, he adverted to the lectures which had been previously delivered, and as those in their subjects had particular reference to children, he thought it was expedient now to call our attention to a subject connected with teachers themselves,—'The condition of the Sunday School Teacher's success.'

This condition was indicated by the text he had chosen. *Faith* in his view, was an indispensable prerequisite to the successful Sunday school teacher:—faith, in the reality of those things which he taught,—and faith in the efficacy of his own labors. A definition of faith was then given, first, negatively, and then affirmatively. Its opposite was Scepticism. Of this, there were two kinds, first, that which denied the truth of all religion; and secondly, that which doubted or questioned, but did not absolutely deny. On the other hand, Faith might be regarded as of two kinds, corresponding in a degree with those divisions of the subject to which it was opposed. The first of these was that faith which had the assent of the understanding, and wholly intellectual in its character. The second, that which had its seat in the heart, and was deeply embedded in the affections. Faith then in its most perfect manifestations was, *fervent conviction*,—uniting the assent of the mind with the feelings of the heart.

The possession of such faith, in the lecturer's opinion, was 'the *condition* of a Sunday school teacher's *success*,' and without which no teacher be he a layman or clergyman, could succeed in imparting religious truth to the human mind. The absence of this faith in the religious community at the present day, he went on to state as among the greatest obstacles to the progress of Christian truth and virtue in our land.

The great purpose of the Lecturer, was then to exhibit the *importance* and *justice* of the principle under consideration. Its *importance* was illustrated and proved by many examples. The *lover of pleasure*,—the *devotee of wealth*,—the *seeker of ambition*,—made themselves the 'veriest drudges of humanity'—gave themselves up to incessant toil—sacrificed their peace of mind, from the fervent conviction that their efforts and labors would unquestionably secure to them the objects of their pursuit. The same power nerved the heart of the Philanthropist in all his sufferings and labors,—sent a Howard to the dungeons of Europe, and missionaries to the dangers of a savage soil, and to meet death in its most fearful forms. The movements of society, in their least as in the more important objects, all turned in fact upon this principle of faith. The objects were considered worthy, and their belief was strong that they would not be in vain.

The Sunday school teacher should possess himself of a faith, in all respects, like this;—for while the objects of pursuit in the cases supposed were not worth the labor and devotion bestowed upon them, those of the Sunday school teacher were. In this connexion the lecturer described the object of the teacher's pursuit, and the means he must use to accomplish it. He set forth in the most convincing terms, the necessity of storing the mind of the child with all necessary knowledge—the evidence of God in his works—Christian precepts and Biblical truths: and after this the worth and power of that religious instruction which should fall upon minds so prepared, from hearts and lips glowing with genuine and fervent faith.

Having illustrated the *importance* of the principle, he proceeded to dwell upon its *justice*. Under this head the idea was, that the object in itself was practicable, and the means efficacious. As by the former illustrations, if the sensualist, the seeker of gain, and the man of ambition, compassed their ends by means which were made subservient to their purpose, how much more should the Sunday school teacher make those means efficacious which were within his reach and through which he was to gain the object which he had in view. The work in which he was engaged was God's work. It was the same, to which Abraham, the Prophets, Jesus himself, and the Apostles had consecrated their precious labors and lives. They had gone to their work not doubting that God was with them. The means they had used were suitable to the end. Knowledge was communicated, and the heart addressed. It was the same with the Sunday school teacher, and if he went to his labor with the same faith, addressing his pupils from the fullness of his heart, of God, of duty, and of heaven, he could not doubt that success would attend his labors. The effect of oral instruction was here set forth in the most interesting and persuasive manner.

If such was the true state of the case, why was there such great lack of faith? Three causes were assigned as a solution of the difficulty. First, the prevalence of theological controversy,—a state of transition,—whose tendency was to unsettle the mind, at least for a season. Secondly, our political situation. The lecturer said, that 'our people as a people, were prone and proud to go back to first principles;' and as the American revolution had led them to the examination of all questions in politics and ethics, so at the present period, it was with them bringing all religion and religious subjects into question and dispute. The first fruits of such a condition, was a chaos of doubt, but in the end it would bring out the best results. The third, and greatest cause, was worldliness, and this was a constant and powerful cause always in operation, and always to be resisted.

If such was the origin of this want of Faith, how can it be corrected? His answer to this question was, first, By examination and study. Prayer will not give it. We must have faith before we can pray effectually. We must work it out for ourselves. We must study and ponder. We must examine subjects and examine them thoroughly. This he thought was within the ability of every one. He suggested as a rule, that we should read on each controverted topic, two sound works, one on either side.

The second means recommended by which to gain this faith, was the exercise of it. As fast as we attained to any portion of it, however small, it was as necessary to its growth that we should use it, as it was to use the muscles in order to their developement and strength. We must teach what we believe—and no more; and that from the heart. No other teaching was of any avail.

In conclusion, the lecturer spoke of the injustice of the teacher's suspicion that his labors if performed in faith would not be successful. On this part of his subject he was eminently able and convincing. He described the nature of those results at which the Sunday school teacher aimed. They were remote and unseen. It was not therefore in the nature of things that moral effects,—developements of character, resistance to temptations and the like, could be traced to their causes with the same certainty, as those of a more palpable character,—but they were nevertheless as undeniable, as real, and as certain.

The immense power in the hands of a teacher possessing genuine faith, was then described. This power was represented as incalculable;—giving intelligence to the mind—precision in conveying knowledge,—and moral power to impregnate and fill the soul of the pupil.

The effect of such teaching was then set forth in a fervency and power of language which we shall not attempt to describe. In teaching of God as a Heavenly Father,—of Jesus Christ as a Savior,—of Providence,—Duty,—Immortality, and Retribution, each of these in their turn was brought under the notice of the lecturer in a manner that at once evinced the fervency of his own faith, and the heart-touching eloquence which themes like these always awaken in the breast of every intelligent, sincere and conscientious teacher.

He closed with an earnest appeal to all teachers to possess themselves of this faith as a means, without which all their labors would be in vain,—but with which they would possess a power for good, incalculable in its effects, and whose efficacy they could have no reason to question or doubt.

Such my friend, is all I can embody in words of this exceedingly timely, appropriate and most interesting lecture, which was wholly extemporaneous, and upwards of an hour in delivery. The sentiment of it, I trust, is deeper in our hearts than our language is able to display. Let it be our purpose to give it character in our souls, and to act it out in the instruction of our classes. This will be a more grateful offering to the lecturer than any praise it might be in our power to bestow.

The Rev. Mr Upham of Salem is expected to follow on Sunday Evening next, when the influence of the Sunday School on the extension of civilization and Christianity may be anticipated as the theme for our contemplation and study.

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FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

ORDINATION AT WAYLAND.

The ordination of Mr Edmund H. Sears, late of the Divinity School, Cambridge, over the first parish in Wayland, took place on Wednesday, February 20th. On account of the failure of several of the ministers invited to take part, the services of the occasion devolved upon three only. They were as follows. Introductory prayer and reading of Scriptures, by Rev. Mr Stebbins of Leominster; Sermon, by Rev. Mr Field of Weston; Ordaining Prayer and Charge, by Rev. Mr Francis of Watertown; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr Stebbins; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr Field; Benediction, by the Pastor.

The exercises of this occasion were of a highly interesting nature. The sermon, from the words, 'Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?' (Micah vi. 6), was a plain, direct and forcible discourse, upon the nature and character of Christian worship. The Charge, prepared at a few minutes' notice, was brief, comprehensive and impressive. The Right Hand of Fellowship, given by an intimate friend and classmate, came from a heart evidently overflowing with sympathy—it was touching, it was elevating. The singing was unusally excellent. I send you for publication two original hymns, sung on this occasion. The one written by the Pastor called forth many a tear—and we hope helped to form in the minds of the congregation, 'the high and pure resolve,' contained in the last stanza.

HYMN, BY THE PASTOR.

Our fathers—where are they,
Who here, in former time,
Came with the faltering steps of age,
Or manhood's glorious prime?
Oh, some in yonder peaceful tombs
Their long, last sabbath keep—
Where from the idle hurrying throng,
The mourner turns to weep.

Along these solemn aisles,
When floats the song of praise,
Do not their lingering spirits, hear
Their old and cherished lays?
And when the fervent voice of prayer
To God for favor calls,
O blend they not their spirit-tones
That talk along the walls?

The children—where are they,
Who now their foot-steps tread?
Walk they in bonds of love and peace
To join the pious dead?
Come fervid youth, come reverend age,
While yet your years revolve
And take within this holy fane,
The high and pure resolve.

God of our fathers! hear
The solemn vows we pay,
And let celestial breathings move
Upon our souls to-day—
O may the tie we consecrate
Thy pledge of favor prove;
Shed here thy warm benignant beams
Of everlasting love.

HYMN, BY A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

'O Thou, that hearest prayer,'
Bend thou a list'ning ear,—
While mortals raise
Thanks for the gifts of love,
Sent from thy throne above,
Our stubborn hearts to move
To greateful praise.

Thy works of love and grace,
O, may we clearly trace
In each event:
Each sacred truth display'd;—
Each virtuous trait portray'd;—
The Pastor's friendly aid,—
By Thee are sent.

Thy servant wilt thou bless;—
Give to his zeal success;—
Give strength divine.
O, may he faithful be
In works of Piety,—
And, trusting all to Thee,
Be wholly thine.

And, when the brittle clay,
Its summons shall obey,—
To fill the tomb,—
Then, at the Savior's voice,
The spirit freed shall rise
To feast on purer joys
In Heaven its home.

We heartily congratulate our friends in Wayland upon the happy prospects of their Society. In Mr Sears, we are confident they will find an able, faithful and devoted Pastor,—and, who will labor 'in season and out of season' for his flock,—and, whose heart and soul are engaged in the good work. May this union be a lasting one, and may all of the flock be led by their Paster to the fold of the GREAT SHEPHERD! M.

N. B. Two or three communications are necessarily excluded this week.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Died in Raynham on the 5th ult. Mrs Sarah Washburn, relict of the late Deacon Oliver Washburn, in the 73d year of her age.

The virtues of this excellent woman demand a passing tribute from her surviving friends. The piety, meekness, humility, and a long catalogue of Christian graces which she possessed and exhibited in her life, deserve commendation. Her conduct, was so entirely governed by religious principles, it was so uniform and consistent, that it would be difficult to tell which Christian grace held a predominance over the rest. In her domestic duties she was a pattern for every one to imitate. As a wife and mother she was excelled by few. Home to her was the most delightful place on earth; and she strove to make it so to each member of her family. Her assiduity in giving her children a religious education was remarkable; and this was effected more by her excellent example than by precept. Her temperament was peculiarly cheerful and happy; and this diffused a happiness through the whole family circle. The peculiar pleasure which she always manifested, and the hearty welcome with which she greeted her friends, rendered her home an attractive place. Her attachment to her friends was great, and her friendships were firm and enduring. In enumerating her many excellences, I must not forget her liberality to the poor. This unfortunate class shared in her sympathies. She never forgot the words of our Savior, 'The poor ye have always with you.' To this class of her fellow creatures she bestowed gifts with a liberal and unsparing hand. When any object worthy of her compassion presented itself, she did not hesitate and revolve in her mind what to do, but her hands were immediately stretched forth for its relief. She felt that the good things of a temporal nature which Providence had bestowed on her were not her own, but entrusted to her for the benefit of others.

Having for a great number of years professed the religion of Christ, her life was in conformity to its requirements. Her punctual attendance on public worship was observed by all, and the delight which she felt in the service reminds one of the joy which the Psalmist expressed in frequenting the courts of the Lord. No frosts of winter, nor powerful rays of a summer's sun, ever deterred her from uniting with her fellow-worshippers in the ennobling and exalting employment of praising God in his house.

As her life had been so strictly conformed to the precepts of the Gospel, it may be inferred that she was prepared to meet death with calmness and serenity of mind. And it was even so. Although her sufferings were great, yet patience had her perfect work. Her resignation to the will of God appeared entire. It was with difficulty that she could converse, yet what language she could utter was in ascriptions of praise to God for his numerous blessings. She experienced much delight in repeating the Psalms of David; and when her distress prevented her from doing it audibly, it appeared that her meditations of them were sweet.

Her faith retained its firmness to the last; as she had prayed that it might. Her words were these. 'Oh for a strong and lively faith. I hope to stand with my lamp trimmed and burning. I hope it will burn brightly to the close of life.' Her prayer was answered. Her reasoning faculties continued to the last; and she sunk into the arms of death with the utmost tranquillity and repose.

And now does not such a life and such a death convey much moral instruction? Do they not speak volumes in favor of leading a holy, a religious life? If religion can impart so much peace and happiness to the mind, and render one so useful and so much beloved; and above all, if it can prepare the soul to meet the king of terrors without dismay, who would not wish to possess it? May the example of our deceased friend, stimulate all who knew her to strive as she did, to be 'steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.' C. E. L.

For the Register and Observer.

SAMUEL ABBOT, ESQ.

As I have seen no notice in your columns of the death of this friend of man, I cannot forbear a passing tribute to his virtues. His death has cast a gloom over our town and community. Our whole people are as a mourning family. And why should they not be? For they have lost one, who was tenderly mindful of their best comfort, happiness, and improvement. Blest with an ample fortune, he had the power to administer freely to the wants of those who stood in need of his aid; and the disposition also, for piety was the principle, which gave a stamp to every feature of his mind. It shone forth with a heavenly radiance, which illuminated his whole character. The weary and disheartened, instinctively turned to him, for sympathy and encouragement. The honest, industrious young man, struggling for an honorable existence amid the buffetings of a selfish world, was an object of peculiar regard: to him, he was a patron, a counsellor and friend. Possessing fine talents, most thoroughly cultivated, he was constanly devising some plan to improve the intellectual, moral, social and religious condition of society. To this object, his time, his exertions, and his purse, were devoted. He felt deeply the importance of a learned ministry; and to this end, he with other kindred spirits, instituted a Ministerial Library; making a very handsome donation to its funds. In our Sunday School, he was a zealous and most efficient laborer, and most tenderly beloved. The Sunday School library commanded much of his attention, in the selection of the books, in the arrangement and care of them. And if at any time, he found the public contribution to be less than he thought necessary for the purchase of books, a liberal addition was silently made, from his own purse. In the establishment of our fine parish library, he bore a very prominent part. And at the time of his death, he was resolving in his mind, a favorite plan of his, for instituting family libraries. Indeed it seemed to be the object of his whole life to enlighten, to elevate, and bless society.

He was no party man, and yet always open and firm in his own opinions. A man of real independence of mind, and of unyielding integrity, wishing for nothing from any one, and showing himself the friend of all, he was beloved by all, without respect to party in politics or religion. The source of all his usefulness and excellency, was his self cultivation as a Christian.

He was one of the best read divines in the country. From his youth, the Bible had been his favorite study. He was an able critic in the original languages. He was extensively read in the evidences, the history, the controversies of religion: much more in the best practical and devotional works. He was a man of prayer, and a professor of religion early in life. He remembered the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. He was ever at church, and he came there, not to gaze, and criticise, but to worship and to be improved. When I think of this noble and gifted man, so learned, so benevolent and good, and yet so modest and retiring, so truly humble, in this age of display, of publication, his character seems to me, a very remarkable one. If the sudden and painful removal of this beloved friend, shall produce the effect, which an all-wise, and benevolent Father designed; then will he have died, as he had lived, for the benefit of others.

This imperfect sketch, this passing tribute, I could not withhold: and I submit it, in the hope and belief, that ere long, a full and faithful memoir will be given to the public. N W.

Wilton, N. H.

For the Register and Observer.

MRS MARIA D. WILLIAMS.

Several weeks have now passed by since the death of Mrs. Maria D. Williams, wife of Payson Williams Esq. of Fitchburg, was publicly announced, and it may possibly be thought, too late to offer an obituary notice of her character. Still those to whom her worth was known, and by whom her virtues were appreciated, deem it not right that an event, which so deeply effects their social condition, should receive no other notice than the simple record that she is no more. They have felt the power of her example and would commend it to the imitation of others; for if the life is a true test of the heart, she was a Christian woman. Comparatively early in life she was convinced of the Divine authority and infinite worth of our holy faith, and she felt constrained by a sense of duty to God and Christ, and to those around her to give her testimony, publicly, to the truths of the Gospel. With her, religion was a practical principle; and its controlling power was evinced by no forwardness of manner—by no ostentatious display of zeal, when in the society of others; but it was apparent that she had learned of the Savior from the conscientiousness with which she engaged in the various duties which belonged to her condition. With a quiet manner and patient spirit she devoted herself to the welfare of her family. She was happy in her own home, and she made her home happy to those whom God had there placed around her. The moral and intellectual education of her children was an object ever near her heart. She endeavored to awaken in their forming minds a reverence for truth; and to interest their affections in the life of Jesus.

The efforts of Mrs Williams to be useful were not confined to the circle of her own family. Many who have suffered from poverty and sickness will long remember the kind spirit in which she visited their houses and ministered to their sufferings. In the Sabbath School she was a diligent and a successful teacher. She conversed freely with the children of truth, and duty, and heaven—by the gentleness and sincerity of her manner she secured their love and awakened their sympathy, for they *felt* that she was speaking from the experience of her own heart. Charity was a distinguishing feature in her character. Those to whom she was most intimately known do not remember that she *ever* spoke with severity of the failings of others. The same spirit was manifest in the feeling with which she regarded those receiving a faith differing from her own. She was strongly attached to those views of religion common to Unitarian Christians—but she rejoiced in the society and friendship of all who were lovers of truth, and were seeking for improvement, of every form of faith.

As her life was actively useful and religious, her mind was composed in sickness, and sustained by hope in death. When convinced that she was drawing near to the spiritual world, she rejoiced in the thought that God was her Father, and looked forward, with humble hope, to those mansions of rest which are prepared for the followers of the Lord. Her counsels and her example are a rich legacy to her husband and children.

'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.'

INTELLIGENCE.

The North Eastern Boundary.—The excitement in Maine is on the increase. The inhabitants in that state are unanimous in approving the decisive measures which have been taken by the Governor and sanctioned by the Legislature. Ten thousand men will soon be in array near the mouth of the Aroostook.

On the New Brunswick side of the St John, opposite to the mouth of the Aroostook, the detachment of British troops are stationed.

Maj. Gen. Holsdon and staff left Bangor on the 25th in company with Mc Laughlin and Capt. Tibbets, who left for Fredericton, having concluded, after several days hesitation to give the parole of honor prescribed by the Executive of Maine.

There is strong reason to believe that there will not, at least, immediately, be any engagement between the opposing armies—although when the war spirit is roused, and the troops assembled in camp, and the instruments of bloodshed whetted and prepared, there is always cause for serious apprehension in regard to the result.

The Mormon War.—The paymaster in Missouri, engaged in making out the pay rolls of the forces employed in suppressing the Mormon War, estimates the number of men at not less than 12,000, and the pay and expenses of each man at $20—making $240,000 for the privates alone, and the whole expense not less than half a million of dollars.

The last of the Cherokees.—The Little Rock Times of the 4th inst. says: 'On Saturday last 228 emigrating Cherokees arrived at this place, in the steamer Victoria, under the charge of Capt. Drew, on their way west. These are the last of the Cherokee emigrants. Most of them are those who were unable to go by land; and nine deaths have occurred since the commencement of their journey; but in general they look well and enjoy good health. In the company is the celebrated Chief, John Ross, who buried his wife in this city on Sunday.—*Louisville Journal.*

The Packet Ships—Fare Reduced.—We are very much pleased to learn that the owners of the several lines of packets between London and New York have adopted an arangement, the propriety of which we have heretofore advocated—although so obvious as to need no advocacy. They have agreed hereafter to discontinue the plan of furnishing wines and liquors, and to reduce the passage money from 140 to $100. This is just and in every way desirable.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Professor Robinson.—The friends of the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of the New York Theological Seminary, will be gratified to learn that he is on his return from the Holy Land, and has arrived in Berlin, where he had left his family. He was taken severely ill in the Adriatic, but recovered so far as to enable him to reach Vienna, where he experienced a relapse, which, for a time, it was supposed would prove fatal. Mrs. Robinson repaired from Berlin to the German capital to meet him; and although, at one time he was supposed to be actually dead, yet he revived, and at the latest advices was in better health than for years past. We regret that the purpose of the learned Professor to visit Idumea and the ruins of Petra has been frustrated. The other great object of his journey, however, the prepartion of a sacred geography from actual observation has been accomplished.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY LECTURES.

The fourth and last lecture of this course, will be delivered in the Rev. Dr Channing's church, Federal Street, tomorrow evening, at 7 o'clock, by the Rev. Mr Upham of Salem. Subject—*Sunday Schools an element of power in the church and the world.*

Sunday School teachers, and others interested in the cause, are respectfully invited to attend.

J. F. FLAGG,
E. COBB,
R. W. BAYLEY,
W. A. WEEKS,
L. G. PRAY,
} *Committee of Arrang'ts.*

QUARTERLY CHARITY LECTURE.

The Quarterly Charity Lecture will be preached tomorrow evening, at the Old South Church, at six o'clock.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr John T. Morse to Miss Lucy C. daughter of Hon. Charles Jackson.

In this city, Mr Andrew Davis, of Gloucester, to Miss Sarah Ann, eldest daughter of Levi Bliss.

In Newburyport, Mr Albert Wise, of Boston, to Mrs Elizabeth Chamberlain, of N.

DEATHS.

In this city, Feb. 27, Susan J. Fairbanks, daughter of Otis and Nancy Fairbanks, 10 months.

In this city, Mr Archelaus Norcross, 59.

In Middletown, Ct. 22d inst. Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D. D. President of the Wesleyan University.

SPLENDID ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.—James's Book of the Passions, illustrated with 16 splendid engravings, 1 vol.

Illustrations of the Bible. Designed and engraved by John Martin. 1 vol. folio.

Leila, or the Seige of Granada. By Bulwer. Illustrated with 15 splendid engravings, 1 vol.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. 25 fine beautiful engravings, 1 vol.

Goldsmith's Animated Nature, with numerous original Notes, &c., the illustrations colored in a superior style, 4 vols.

Marmion, A Tale of Flodden Field. By Walter Scott. Illustrated edition, 1 vol, &c. Just received and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. march 2

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.—Just received and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets.—The Canterbury tales of Chaucer, with an essay on his language and versification, and introductory discourse, notes, and a glossary, by Thomas Tyrhitt, Esq. a fine English copy. march 2

DE ISRAELI'S CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.—A beautiful English copy, complete in one volume. Just received and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. march 2

BUCKMINSTER'S SERMONS. In press, and will be ready for sale in a few weeks, Sermons, by the late Joseph Buckminster, in two volumes 12 mo. with a portrait. The first volume has been out of print for several years, when to be had is often sold for five dollars the volume. JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington opposite School street. march 2

CARLYLE'S MISCELLANIES. In Press, Vol. 3, and 4, uniform with the first two volumes will be ready for delivery in a few weeks by the publishers, JAMES MUNROE & CO. Boston Bookstore 134 Washington street, opposite School street. Also for sale at the same time, the four volumes beautifully bound in stamped cloth price, five dollars the set. march 2

LIBRARY OF AMERICAN POETS.—Volume 1 of this elegant series is just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets, containing the Poems of Rufus Dawes, Esq. Among which are his new drama called Athenia of Damascus, Geraldine, and many poems never before published—1 vol. 12mo., beautifully bound, with a fine portrait and vignette. march 2

POLYGLOTT EDITION OF HORACE.—The complete works of Horace in six languages, French, Spanish, Italian, English, German and Latin. Published under the direction of J. B. Monfalcon, M. D. 1 vol. 8vo. For sale by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington street. march 2

POOLE'S ANNOTATIONS OF THE HOLY BIBLE.—Wherein the sacred Text is inserted, and various readings annexed, together with the Parallel Scriptures, the most difficult terms in each verse are explained, seeming contradictions reconciled, Questions and Doubts resolved, and the whole Text opened: by the late Reverend and Learned Divine, Mr Matthew Poole—2 vols. folio.

For sale by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington street. march 2

GREENFIELD HIGH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE Trustees have the pleasure to announce to the public that this school will be opened on the first Wednesday in May next, under the superintendance of Rev. L. L. Langstroth, late Principal of the Female Seminary at Andover. The Trustees are enabled to assure the community, that the Principal and his assistants have their entire confidence, and are among the most accomplished teachers in New England. It has ever been their intention that the school should be of the first class; and they now express their conviction that there are few places in our land that afford more facilities for a young Lady to obtain a thorough and accomplised education.

Accommodations are provided in the family of the Principal for about thirty boarders. The school is situate in the valley of the Connecticut, in one of its most pleasant villages which contains places of religious worship for Congregationalists, Unitarians, Episcopalians and Methodists, at either of which the young Ladies will attend as requested by their parents. Any farther information will be promptly given on application to either of the subscribers.

ELIJAH ALVORD,
GEORGE GRENNELL, JR.
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JAMES C. ALVORD,
} Trustees

We are permitted to refer to Rev. George W. Blagden, Rev. John Stone, Rev. George Ripley, Boston; Rev. Mr Chickering, Portland.

Greenfield, Mass. Feb. 20th. 1839.

☞The Christian Mirror, Portland, will please publish this three weeks. m 7

NEW BOOKS.—Memoir of Charles Matthews, Comedian, by Mrs Matthews.

The Women of England, by Mrs Ellis, (late Sarah Stickney,) author of Poetry of Life, &c.

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Wales, and other Poems, by Maria James, with a Preface by Rev Alonzo Potter.

Shanty, the Blacksmith, by Mrs Sherwood, with four engravings.

Memoirs of Charles Matthews, comedian, by Mrs Matthews, in 2 vols.

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REPUBLICATION OF THE BRITISH REVIEWS AND MAGAZIENES, consisting of the American Reprints of the London Quarterly, Edinburgh, Foreign, and London and Westminister Reviews—Blackwood's and the Metropolitan Magazine—and Bentley's Miscellany. The January numbers of the Reviews and Magazines are now in course of preparation, and will be issued from the press with all possible expedition.

These works have been so long before the public, that it is needless to enlarge on their value, or the talent with which they are conducted. As new volumes of several of the Reviews and Magazines commence with the present numbers, a favourable opportunity is presented for those who may wish to subscribe.

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M 2 Publishers and Agents for Periodicals.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.—One set complete—For sale at a reduced price, by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court st. m 7

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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER—MARCH.—This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street, Christian Examiner, No. 91, for March, 1839.

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II. Illinois and the West.
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march 2

A. U. A.

OFFICE of the AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, at No. 124 Washington st., opposite School street. ist j12

CEREMONIES RELIGIEUSES.—Ceremonies et Costumes Religeuses de tous. *Les Peuples du Monde* representees pardes Figures dissines and gravees par Barnard Picard, and autres habiles Artistes. Nouvelle edition, enrichie de toutes les Figures comprises dans Pancienne Edition, en sept Volumes, and dans les quatre publies par forme de Supplement. Par une Societe de Gens de Lettres. In 4 v folio. Just received and for sale by CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington st. March 2

ENGLISH BOOKS.—Illustrations of the Bible from Monuments of Egypt, with fine Plates by W C Taylor, L L, D.

Stories Illustrative of the Instinct of Animals, their character and habits—by Thomas Bingley, with fine plates.

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Treatise on Molluscous Animals, including Shell Fish—by Professor Fleming.

Illustrations of Natural History, embracing a series of engravings of the most interesting and popular species of the Animal world.

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ENGLISH WORKS.—Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, with Life, edited by Lord Sheffield. The Land of Burns, a series of Landscapes and Portraits illustrating the Life and Writings of the Scottish Poet, with descriptive Letter Press. The Seven Temptations, by Mary Howitt. Kant's Critic of Pure Reason. Atkins's Element of Physiology—Kant's Metaphysics—Wordsworth's Poetical Works, 6 vols—Smith's Wealth of Nations—Waverly Novels, 48 vols many plates—Oliver Twist 3 vols. Tenneman's Manual of the Philosophy of History. Richardson on Warming and Ventilating. Mudie's Mental Philosophy, &c. &c. Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. march 2

NORTHFIELD ACADEMY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THIS institution is open for pupils of both sexes, who are received at any time into the family of the Principal, and watched over with parental care. They are fitted for the Counting room, for admission to College or for becoming teachers. The local advantages are peculiarly favorable, being situated in the valley of the Connecticut, where the people are almost wholly engaged in aggriculture, there are few of those tempations, which, in more populous places, tend to lead the youthful mind astray; and no expense has been spared to render the buildings commodious and elegant. The Boston Stage, thro' Lancaster, Templeton, &c, comes directly to Northfield on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week.

P. ALLEN, *Principal.*

Northfield, Feb 23. 3tpd

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.

Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Mussey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.

The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.

The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.

Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
" one quarter, { Winter or Spring, 50 } in
{ Summer or Fall, 45 } advance.

Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $20, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.

Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.

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Drawing taught to all the School without additional charge.

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Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.

Teacher of Music, Charles Zeuner, President of the Handel Haydn Society, Boston.

Teacher of Modern Languages, L. de Mariotti, University, Parma.

Teacher of Drawing, Painting, and Assistant Principal, Mrs. Mack.

Competent Young Ladies assist in various branches, one of whom, at least resides in the family of the Principal.

D. MACK, *Principal.*

Cambridge, Nov. 10th, 1838. nov 24

TO THE LADIES.

THE MISSES HUNT, FEMALE PHYSICIANS, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity, that they still continue to attend to all diseases, incident to the Female frame, at their residence, No. 1 Spring Street, corner of Leverett Street, Boston, (Mass.) Diseases of children particularly attended to. The Patent Medicated Champoo Baths will be administered to Ladies. These baths are not only a luxury to persons in health, but a cure for many diseases.

The great success which has attended their treatment of Diseases, and the propriety of Ladies consulting one of their own sex, render any argument in favor of their practice unnecessary.

Hours for seeing patients from 9 in the morning until 6 in the evening. Advice GRATIS. jan 19

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS, 101 State street, has constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.

jan 13 istf

POETRY.

The following lines were addressed to a Pastor by whom a deceased child had been baptized, while its parents were members of the society in which he officiated.

Come to the house of wo,
Thou who hast known our joy!
Come, where the unchecked tear-drops flow
Above our sainted boy!
Come, breathe a deep funereal prayer,
Who gav'st to heaven the embryo fair!

A childless mother calls;
Wilt thou the call obey?
A father, in his sunless halls,
Mourns for the passed away;
And asks of thee the mourner's prayer,
Who gav'st to heaven the embryo fair!

Our spirit's guardian, come,
With consolation's tone!
Within our desolated home,
We 'd hear thy voice, alone:
For thou alone canst breathe our prayer,
Who gav'st to heaven the embryo fair!

True, kindly hearts are round,
And spirits known to grief,
And voices whose peace-breathing sound,
Well knows to give relief,
But thou alone may'st breathe *this* prayer!
Thou gav'st to heaven the embryo fair!

Cambridge-port. A. S.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

TO M. A. B., ON JOINING THE CHURCH.

Calm is thy trusting spirit now,
From struggling doubts set free,
And heavenward Faith and Hope bestow
Sweet peace on thee.

Full on thy soul his healing beams
The Sun of Righteousness has shed,
And o'er thy path celestial streams
Of radiance spread.

Guided by this unfailing ray,
Thou dost no earthly dangers fear,
Onward and upward lies thy way
Before thee clear.

The earth a brighter glory wears,
The heavens seem clearer to thine eye,
While each familiar object shares
Thy silent extacy.

May this deep joy with thee remain
To cheer in life thy destined part,
Thus ever may devotion's flame
Inspire thy heart. P.

Providence, R. I.

[From the London Christian Observer.]

THE VAUDOIS MISSIONARY.

An old Popish writer, (see Reinerus Saccho's book, A. D. 1258) complains that 'the manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the house of a family of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these —inestimable jewels which they would shew if they could be sure of protection. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy.' The following graceful stanzas are the poetical version of Reinerus Saccho's statement, touching the manner in which 'many of the faithful were deluded into the Protestant heresy.'

Oh! lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
And these pearls are pure, and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way;
Will my gentle lady buy?

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view
His silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—
'My gentle lady stay!'

'Oh! lady fair, I have yet a gem
Which a purer lustre flings,
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown
On the lofty head of kings:
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay;
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her youthful form was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear, and her dark locks wav'd
Their clasping pearls between:—
'Bring forth the pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old;
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count the gold.'

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took;—
'Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as such to thee!
Nay—keep thy gold, I ask it not—
For the word of God is free!'

The hoary traveler went his way—
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from her pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In its beauteous hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray halls
Where an evil faith hath power,
The courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God!

[From the Christian Watchman.]

THE SKATERS:

A versified Story, written for our Friends of the 'Youth's Department.'

My child, (the good old man did say,)
My child, come near to me,
Come, tell thy father what this day
Has pleasant been to thee.

Father, (the buxom boy replied,)
When school was done and o'er,
With a merry shout, and a joyous stride,
We ran for the frozen shore.

Down on the knee, we in a trice
Buckl'd the binding strap,
And away we went on the glary ice,
With a whoop, hallo, and clap.

And curious figures we did cut
As ever were cut by skate,
The circle now—then heel to heel,
And now the figure eight.

And away we went—nor felt no fall.
There's a hole, take care! take care!
Look out! look out! there comes the ball,
O, what a bound was there!

And thus we warm'd the cold away,
Our cheeks were rosy red;
But there was one whose feet did stay,
Nor on the ice did tread.

Why stand you there upon the snow,
You timid one and cold?
Come, venture here, and we will show
And learn you to be bold.

Away we went upon the race,
With scarce a look behind,
But still that boy in the same place
To stand was yet inclined.

I could not brook to see him so;
And to him went and said,
To the same school we both do go,
To sports the same are led.

And then it was upon his cheek
I saw the *frozen tear*,
He did not try—why should he speak?
When nature speaks so clear?

That tear its story did relate
In language strong and sure;
No sled had he, nor yet a skate,
To buy, he was too poor.

My Hollanders of burnish'd steel,
Now on his feet appear;
O, tis a pleasant thing to feel
I've thaw'd that frozen tear.

Well done my boy, thus ever live;
Such actions never grieve;
Know thou it is more sweet to give,
Than ever to receive.

And when thy cheek, my child, to-night,
Doth thy soft pillow press,
Sink thou to sleep in pure delight,
For God thy deed will bless.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New-York Observer.

DR. HUMPHREY'S THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

Early Rising.

The natural propensity of children is, to indulge themselves in bed to a late hour. The homely complaint, that 'they never want to go to bed, nor to get up,' has more of truth and nature in it, than one would be apt at first, to suppose. Some, I know, while very young are troublesome in the opposite extreme. Their little voices are heard at too early an hour in the cold winter mornings, for their mothers' comfort. But if you find them somewhat too wide awake in infancy and early childhood, you may be sure that they will love their morning pillows but too well, as soon as they become old enough to do any thing, or in other words to make themselves useful in the family. O, then, the bed is so soft and warm, it is so hard to open their eyes, and so difficult to stir hand or foot.

Now this is a propensity which must not be indulged. If it is, it will soon grow into a yawning and slothful habit. You will find it more and more difficult to get them up to prayers and breakfast. Every consideration that has any bearing on the question, is in favor of early rising, both in winter and summer. It is greatly conducive to *health*. The morning air is more bracing and balmy, than during any other part of the twenty-four hours. Every boy or girl, who can be spared from household affairs, should be abroad with the lark and the robin, inhaling it. What will your sons or daughters be good for, if you allow them to be dosing and breathing carbon in a close room, and dreading to get up, when they ought to be out brushing off the dew drops from the flowers, and listening to the minstrelsy of the orchard and the grove, or with burning cheeks and frosted breath, dallying with the hoary locks of winter? It is easier for a child to rise at *five* o'clock in summer, than at *seven*; at *seven* in winter than *nine*. If you allow your children to become sluggards when they are young, they will probably carry the habit with them through life, of crying, 'A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep.' Begin early then. Fix your hour and adhere to it. Let your child know that you have studied the laws of the Medes and Persians, and he will see that there is no use in trying to plead off. In this way he will become accustomed to early rising, while he is yet a child. As the habit gains strength, it will become more and more pleasant to him. He will be likely to retain it when he is no longer under your eye, or your roof. He will live longer, and be more happy, and do more good, than if he had been indulged when he thought it a hardship to be roused so early from his slumbers. If your boy does not get sleep enough by the time you set for his rising, send him to bed an hour earlier, and the matter will soon be adjusted.

Cold Water.

This is the true *aqua vitæ*—the very elixir of life. There is nothing like it to promote health and length of days; to keep of the *blues;* to lubricate the eye, and to energize the brain, in the whole *Materia Medica*. The habitual use of it, both external and internal, from the tenderest age, would, I was going to say, prevent half the ills which man is heir to. There is nothing like cold water to cure sprains and bruises. I have tried it for thirty years upon myself and in my family, with infallible success. A small quantity of it, freely applied for a few minutes, when your child has fallen down stairs, or cracked his finger, instead of his walnuts, is worth more than all the camphorated Jamaica in the apothecary shops. And then, those copious morning ablutions, sparkling from the pure fountain, both in winter and summer, how invigorating, how delightful! You smile, I suppose, but how *delightful! Try* it. Just accustom your children to it, at all seasons of the year, and in a cold room, and see if they do not become fond of it. Continue the practice of washing them freely in cold water every day in the year, as soon as they are out of bed, and it will ere long become too grateful to be omitted, when they are too old to require your particular attention. For myself, I would almost as soon *drink* a tumbler of luke warm water, as even in the month of January, to use the same temperature in washing or bathing, I mean so long as I am in health. It is altogether too *qualmish*. And I cannot help pitying those pale faced, half animated little dolls, that are doomed to shiver over a hot fire, under the application of warm water, in preparing them for breakfast, instead of mantling their cheeks, and kindling up their bright eyes, with both the water and the air, at the freezing point.

In regard to the daily and exclusive use of cold water, as a beverage, I do not intend to argue the question, whether it ought entirely to supersede tea and coffee, among the adult members of our families, I might bring high authorities against both the berry and the leaf. But allowing that persons of full age, or in the decline of life, who have always been indebted to China and St. Domingo for their most palatable drinks, may still continue to use tea and coffee, with impunity, I am fully persuaded, that our children ought to grow up in the habit of total abstinence from them, as well as from all intoxicating beverages. They do not need them. The appetite does not naturally crave them. A tumbler of cold water, at breakfast and at tea, as well as at the dinner table, is better and sweeter—yes *sweeter* when the frost is spangled upon the windows, as well as when they are thrown open to woo the breezes of summer. I am convinced, that if children were encouraged to keep on the cold water level, for eight or ten of the first years, but few would call for any thing stronger, in after life.

Plain Diet.

This is what children ought on every account to be accustomed to, from the very first. It is vastly more for their present health and comfort, than those little, nice things, with which fond parents are so apt to vitiate their appetites; and it will save them a great deal of mortification in after life. If you make it a point, to give them the best of every thing; to pamper them with rich cakes, and sweet meats, and sugar-plumbs; if you allow them to say, with a scowl, 'I don't like this, and I can't eat that,' and then go away and make them a little toast, or kill a chicken for their dainty palates, depend upon it you are doing them a great injury; not only on the score of denying them a full muscle and a rosy cheek; but of forming one of the most inconvenient habits, that they can carry along with them into after life. Better, far, to put them upon water gruel, or brown bread, till their appetite comes, and they can be satisfied with such food as others eat at the same table. If you learn your children to 'eat what is set before them asking no questions,' they will always find some thing, among whatever class of people they may afterwards be thrown, upon which they can make a comfortable meal; whereas, if you allow them to mince and find fault at your own table, when they come to leave you, they will not, half the time, find any thing they can eat, and thus you will prepare them to go chafing and grumbling along through life, the veriest slaves, almost, in the world.

Plain Lodging.

If you inure your child from his infancy, to sleep on a hard bed, and away from the fire, where the blankets are sometimes well frosted in the morning, he will not only be a stouter and more hardy boy, but will learn to like his straw, or moss couch, better than any other. Of course, when he goes abroad, and meets with the most indifferent accommodations, it will give him no trouble. He will throw himself down wherever night happens to overtake him, and sleeps far more soundly than the young heir apparent does in the palace. And as he advances in life, it being always more agreeable to rise, than to fall, he will, if he chuses to make any change, find it much easier to go from a hard bed to a soft one, than he will to exchange his live feathers for the hard lodging of a sailor or a soldier. On the other hand, the longer you indulge your dear little one upon his down pillow, the more reluctant will he be to leave it; and the more will he suffer, whenever he finds a couch that is not so soft, whether among friends or strangers; and especially, when as the case may be, his altered circumstances compel him to change the luxurious habit which he had formed in his childhood. That is a very sensible remark of Dr. Paley, that 'the art in which the secret of human happiness consists, is to set the *habits* in such a manner, that every change may be a change for the better.'

ANECDOTE OF AN ARAB CHIEF.

The office of chief of an Arab tribe neither conveys any emolument to the incumbent, nor confers any patronage. There is therefore none of that rivalry for office, which isthe inevitable attendant upon elections for office in countries where these inducements are held out. The chief is usually an elderly man, sober in his deportment, and given to hospitality. He is neither better fed, nor clothed, nor lodged, than any other member of the tribe. You may generally know the chief's tent by seeing alittle red flag placed upon it,and by its being advanced a little before the rest of the encampment to the north, the point from which danger is most generally apprehended. The chief entertains all strangers; and when he dies generally one of the elders is chosen to be chief. When a stranger approaches the tribe, the chief is sent out to receive him; his horse is taken care of, and himself introduced to the apartment of the chief; his wishes are immediately consulted, and a repast, the best that can be procured, is placed before him; and it is not until he has finished his meal, and all the duties of hospitality are attended to, that he is asked a single question by his host relative to himself, either the reason of his journey, the length of his stay in the country, or in short any questions that would imply the least curiosity. Once, when I asked an Arab chief the cause of this, he answered me thus:—the Arab chief looks upon every stranger as a friend; every man, no matter what may be his nation, his color, his appearance or his station, is a brother; the fact of his being a stranger demands our hospitality; and, until he is a partaker of that, he is not asked any question which might draw forth a reply that might tend to make his presence less welcome. Therefore the Arab always treats his guest as a man first, and then gratifies his curiosity afterwards. This is certainly a lesson which many more enlightened and cultivated nations would do well to learn from the Arab.

There dwelt upon the great river Euphrates, near the great city of Bassora, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. Their enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enmity of another towards a foe, he would say, he hates him as an Anizee hates a Montifee. It fell out, that the Pacha of Bagdad, being apprehensive of the invasion of the Kurds from Kurdistan, sent out an order to the chief of the Anizees to send him forthwith 20,000 men; and the order was obeyed. The Pacha, not placing the same reliance upon the promptness of the Montifee chief, resolved to lay a plan to take him by stratagem, and then demand from him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining the attendance of the chief; and he was brought into the presence of the Turk. 'I have taken you prisoner,' said the Pacha, 'fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribe against the Kurds. If now you command that 10,000 of your men shall come to my assistance, your chains shall be struck off, and you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe; but if you do not comply, your head shall roll at my feet.' The chief looked the Pacha sternly in the face, and replied: 'You slight knowledge of the Arab character has led you into this error. Had you sent to me for 10,000 of my tribe, when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned; but as it is, my reply cannot be other than the negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so: there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood, and every one will become its avenger. The Arab may be treated with when free, but when a prisoner, *never*.' The haughty Pacha looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers, he ordered them to sever his head from his body. The chief stood calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air. At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court-yard of the palace attracted the attention of the Pacha. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the Pacha. It was the chief of the Anizees. 'I am come,' said he, 'to strike off the chains from my enemy. Had he been taken in open conflict, I should not have interposed; but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be first to strike off his chains. There are 20,000 lances under my command glancing yonder in your defence; but if you release not immediately mine enemy, every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe.' The Turk was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the Anizees conducted his brother chief, though his deadliest enemy, to his own tribe, and then said, 'We are now again enemies; we have only acted as Arabs should always act to each other; but you are now safe and with your own tribe, and our ancient hostility is renewed.' With this they parted, and the chief of the Anizees returned to the defence of the Pacha.—*Buckingham.*

The following curious article is from the last Western Messenger.

ROMAN COINS IN TENNESSEE.

In the year 1822, a Roman coin of silver was found two and half miles from Fayetteville, in the state of Tennessee, about four feet from the surface of the earth. It was coined in the reign of Commodus, who succeeded Marcus Aurelius, A. D. 180, and was somewhat larger than the American dime. On one side it bore the bust of Commodus in a perfect state of preservation: the letters surrounding it were much worn, but the following were distinctly legible:

COMMODVS. AVG.—ER. EL.
On the Reverse,
TRPV. IMP. III. COS. II. PP.

About the same time another silver coin of the same size, and coined during the reign of Antoninus Pius, was found in digging a cellar in the town of Fayetville, not far from the lines of one of those ancient fortifications so common on the valley of the Ohio. On one side was the bust of Antoninus Pius, and around the edge the following letters:

ANTONINVS. AVG. PIVS. PP. ARI. COS. III.

On the reverse was the bust of Marcus Aurelius, around which were the following letters:

AVRELIVS. CEA. AVG. P II. COS.

The words *Antoninus Aug. Pius*, and *Aurelius Cea. Aug.* were perfectly legible, the rest were less distinct, being much defaced by time. The latter coin I believe is still in the possession of the gentleman who found it; the former was deposited in a Museum, at Nashville, then belonging to the late Col. R. E. W. Earl, but was stolen therefrom by some admirer of antiquity.

That the coins above mentioned are genuine Roman coins, and that they were found in the places mentioned, the writer of this entertains no doubt. Mr Atwater in alluding to the discovery of these coins, speaks of them as having been found in a cave, and supposes they were placed there for the purpose of being found again, in order to excite inquiry and speculation among antiquarians. In this he is mistaken; they were not found in a cave, but as above mentioned.

May not their history be connected with at least some of the ancient ruins which are scattered over the American continent? *Del Rio* who examined the ruins of Palenque in Guatamala, and *Cabrera*, who wrote a dissertation on the first peopling of America, suppose that this continent was visited by the Romans, when at the height of their power. If they ever visited Mexico, it is not improbable that the coins above mentioned may have found their way to the interior of Tennessee by means of that intercourse, which probably existed between the various tribes or nations then inhabiting the continent. From the situation in which they were found, it is not taxing our credulity too far to say, they had lain there for centuries. W. T.

Nine!—Not the nine muses, dear reader; but the matter-of-fact fellow, number 9. This No. 9, after all, is not without poetry and romance. Indeed, sometimes he is a very comical rhyming character, and appears to delight in performing half-a-dozen parts in one piece on the same stage.

It may be known to every learned Theban that all the products of the figure 9 produce the same result by addition of the combinations. For instance:—

9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	

Add up any of the above results and it will produce the primitive number—9.

It will also be seen that the products are formed by the transposition of the figures; as for instance beginning at contrary ends:—81, 18, 72, 27, &c.

No. 9 is one of those great characters who can go through all the changes of life and business, and still preserve his unity and integrity.

Three years ago, at a certain boarding school not a hundred miles from Brooklyn, the young ladies in the class of Literary composition, were required to write an essay on the then forthcoming new year.

The following was chosen to receive the second best premium on account of its pith and brevity:—

'The new year is bissextile; the figures forming its date are 1-8-3-6; the two first figures are the quantity of the two latter; each two figures combined make nine, the four make eighteen, which two figures combined make nine; the product is 16,524, which figures added together make eighteen. Such a combination rarely occurs.'—*N. Y. Student.*

A Lesson for the Modern Press.—It is recorded, and cannot be too often repeated of Dr Franklin, that when he published a newspaper in Philadelphia, a person brought a piece which he desired might be published. The Doctor requested him to leave it till the next day, when he would give him an answer. He accordingly returned at the time appointed, and received the following answer from Franklin. 'He had,' he said, 'perused the piece, and found it to be scurrilous and defamatory. To determine whether he should publish it or not, he had gone home in the evening, purchased a two-penny loaf at the baker's, and with water from the pump made a supper of it. He then wrapped himself up in his great coat, laid himself on the floor, and slept soundly till morning; when on another loaf and mug of water he breakfasted, and felt no inconvenience whatever from his regimen. Finding he could live in this manner, he had formed a determination never to prostitute his press to the purposes of corruption and abuse, for the sake of gaining a more comfortable subsistence.'

The Rhinoceros Sentinel.—The rhinoceros is often accompanied by a sentinel to give him warning, a beautiful green-backed and blue-winged bird, about the size of a jay, which sits on one of his horns. When he is standing at his ease among the thick bushes, or rubbing himself up against a dwarf tree, stout and strong like himself, the bird attends him that it may feed on the insects which either fly about him, or which are found in the wrinkles of his head and neck. The creeping hunter, stealthily approaching on the leeward side, carefully notes the motions of the sentinel-bird; for he may hear though he cannot see the rhinoceros behind the lofty screen. If the monster moves his head slightly and without alarm, the bird flies from his horns to his shoulder, remains there a short time, and then returns to its former strange perch; but if the bird, from its elevated position and better eyes, notes the approach of danger, and flies up in the air suddenly, then let the hunter beware; for the rhinoceros instantly rushes desperately and fearlessly to wherever he hears the branches crack.

German Honesty and Simplicity.—'An inhabitant of Leipsic,' says Madame de Stael, 'having planted an apple tree on the borders of a public walk, affixed a note to it, requesting that people would not gather the fruit.' How the wiseacres and 'knowing ones' laughed at the trusting simpleton! But hark! 'Not an apple was stolen during ten years.' So much for a people, all of whom read and think. In England there are not a few who have resisted the instruction of the poor, lest it should corrupt them, but, with the protection of ignorance, what would have been the fate of the appletree, in the neighborhood of London! What a contrast between this respected tree, with its harmless defence, and the steel traps, and spring guns of our British Pomona!—*London Magazine.*

A London paper says that one pound of cotton, which formerly could only be spun into a thread of one hundred and eight yards long, can now, by the application of steam produce a thread of one hundred and sixty-seven *miles* in length!

The Bavarian monarch, aware that many men cultivate their whiskers more than their intellect, has ordered that whiskers be banished from the countenances of all school masters within his dominions.

HAWTHORNE'S TWICE TOLD TALES. 'We mean no faint praise, when we say, that we think this tale equal in merit to Lamb's Rosamond Gray, of which the Gentle Boy, though quite dissimilar, strongly reminded us while reading it. We earnestly hope that this work will meet with such favor from the public, as shall induce Mr Hawthorne to continue to apply his talents to literature. On minds like his, which we take to be acute, suggestive and observant, American literature depends for a lasting basis, and steady advancement.'—*N. Y. Lit. Gaz.*
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